

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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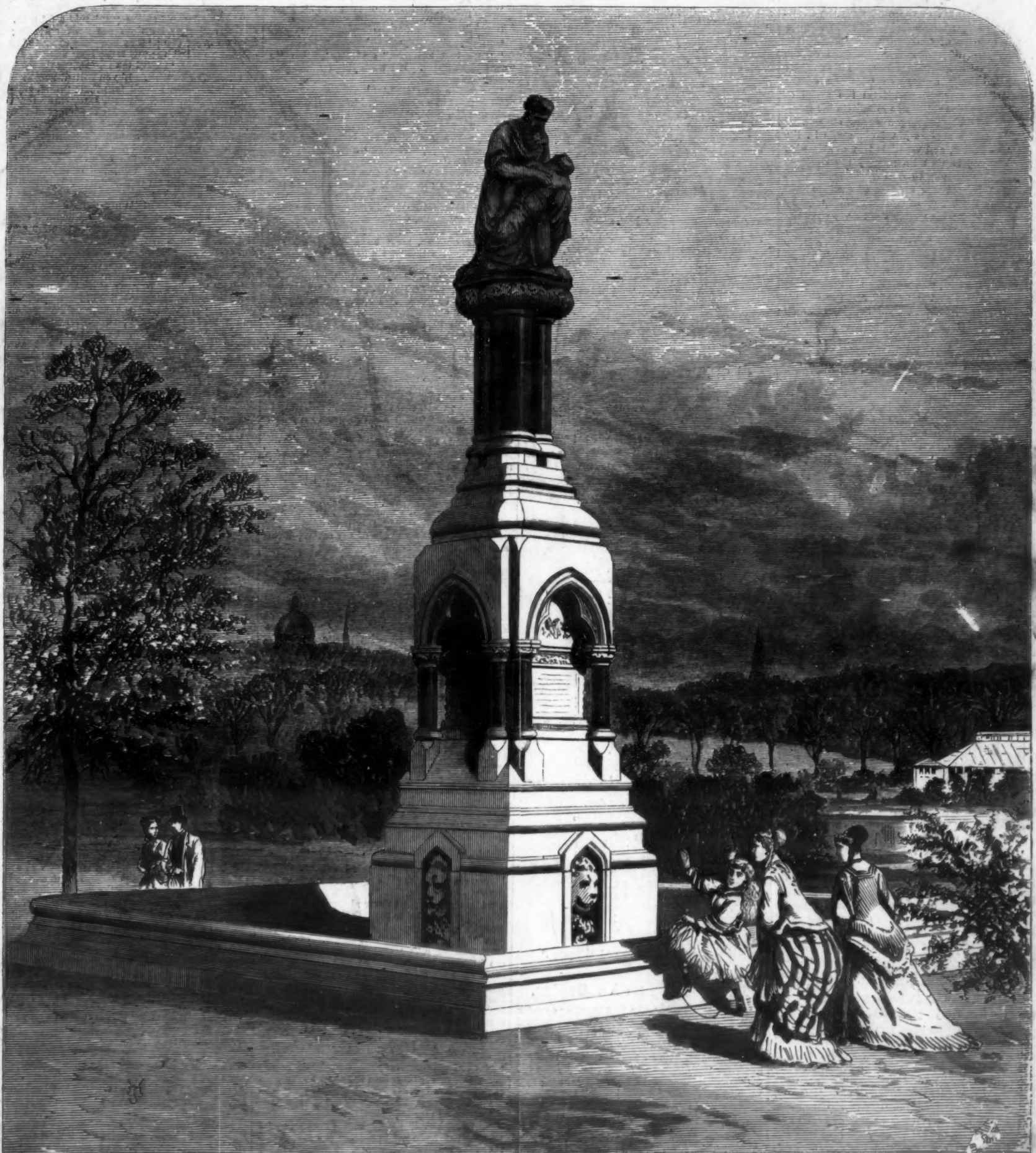
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FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice to News Agents.

We are preparing to issue a series of handsome show bills, and to insure their efficient circulation, we desire to place ourselves in direct communication with all the News Agents throughout the United States. News Agents who have not yet received our circulars, will please forward to this office their business cards, or addresses in full.

"IGNORANT, OF COURSE!"

(Letter from Hon. J. F. Hale to the New York Tribune.)

A VERY unseemly, not to say disgusting controversy, has arisen in Madrid between our late Minister there, Mr. Hale, and our late Secretary of Legation, Mr. Perry. On its merits we are unable to pronounce, inasmuch as the statements of the two parties are diametrically opposed. One or the other has lied fearfully. Which of the two, we will not undertake to say; but we do know that Mr. Perry, for a quarter of a century, maintained the honor, and dignity, and intelligence of the United States in Spain, and made his country respected long before the "buffoon of the Senate" was transferred from the arena of New Hampshire politics to humiliate his country in Madrid by his ignorance and conceit.

The charge against Mr. Hale, made in the Spanish Cortes, and ventilated in the Spanish newspapers, is that he abused the courtesy extended generally to diplomatic representatives, of introducing articles of use free from duty, for the benefit of certain traders, and by implication, for his own benefit. We shall not stop to inquire if this allegation be true or not. Our business, for the moment, is with a letter of Mr. Hale's, just published, in which his utter unfitness for his place, at the outset, is naively admitted, and which, in a remarkable manner, enforces the necessity of the change in our diplomatic and consular system, so ably advocated by Senator Patterson—who, by a singular coincidence, belongs to the State on whose reputation Mr. Hale, if the charges against him be true, has brought such disgrace.

Mr. Hale, unfitted by education or experience, by some inscrutable design of Providence, became a member of the United States Senate. His career there we shall not undertake to characterize. It is enough for us to know that his own State, once on a time, did not return him to the Senate, for reasons probably conclusive to its people.

And here is where the laugh comes in!

Rejected Representatives and Senators, rejected by their own people, who know, or ought to know them best, eternally allege such an expression of contempt, and such repudiation, as a claim on the national patronage! General Butler affirms that he could have carried his amendment to the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, abolishing a score or so of useless missions, had it not been for the votes of a dozen outgoing members, who were anxious to obtain these missions for themselves. Why? Because they had been repudiated by their constituents.

Mr. Hale has published a long defense against the charge of smuggling, or what is the same thing, abuse of the courtesy or privilege in all countries accorded to the diplomatic body, of importing articles of personal use free of duty. And in this defense he admits all that we desire to bring to public attention, namely, the disgraceful manner in which our foreign appointments are made. So far as we are at present concerned, we do not care a fig who has lied in this matter; but what can we think of a man who had the impudence to accept the Spanish mission, or of the fatuity of those who appointed him, when he says: "When I came to Spain I was, of course, unacquainted with the people, their laws, manners, customs, and language, but I felt great confidence in the friendship of the Secretary of this Legation." The Secretary of Legation, he alleges, betrayed this utterly ignorant and incompetent Minister, whose ignorance and incompetence qualified him to become the prey and victim of any sharper who could understand Spanish, and who had some knowledge of the Spanish people, "their laws, manners," etc.

What would we say of a dry goods clerk put to run a locomotive? Or of a painter put to sail a frigate, with a crew who couldn't understand a word he said?

Hale was in precisely such case in Spain. He knew nothing of the "laws, customs, manners, or language" of the people to whom he was accredited! How easy to humbug and betray such a person, and the country he is supposed to represent, but which his gross ignorance disgraces!

We are happily rid of Hale, but heaven only knows what humiliations we are to yet undergo with some of the recent astounding appointees to Europe and elsewhere.

Alabamas!

THE unanimous rejection of the Seward-Johnson Alabama Treaty, anchored a phantom "Alabama" in front of every British port throughout the world. It sent a ghostly, terrible "Alabama" into every sea traversed by British commerce!

The alarm which this rejection has created, is only paralleled by the annoyance it has caused. Great Britain is agitated between disgust and danger.

Disgust, for having received Reverdy Johnson in any capacity except that of a garrulous gourmand, and in believing that Seward was not a synonym for subterfuge.

Danger, because no complication can hereafter arise between Great Britain and any other power, however insignificant, which will not be the signal for clouding the air and covering the ocean with sea-eagles, with beaks whetted by revenge, and with appetites for plunder as keen as those of the hawks she let fly at us in our hour of peril.

We shall mock when her fear cometh, and it cometh apace.

We want no settlement of the "Alabama" claims, so-called. Let us have international law and national comity as they have been administered to us. Our inherited greed and ancestral tendency to rapine forbid us to anticipate justice and the amenities of civilization! We are striplings yet; let us vindicate the blood which is in us, and show that we are no whit behind our glorious progenitors in piracy and its kindred accomplishments!

The sword of Damocles hangs in the sky, but it impends over other heads than ours!

Nemesis follows hard on the hot track, but the trail she pursues is not ours!

We have no friends in Great Britain; we never had. We never had any but negative ones in Europe, at all. They talk of combinations against the United States, in re Cuba. Well, who is to fire the first gun, while the memory of the "Alabama" lives? While her example is cherished? While her outrages are precedents?

We trust that Congress will authorize the issue of United States bonds at its next session, to be called "The Alabama Bonds," to bear compound interest, to be paid in full from reprisals on British commerce, and with these liquidate the claims of the more obvious and immediate sufferers from the "Alabama," "Shenandoah," "Sumter," "Florida," and other Anglo-rebel corsairs.

And then wait! WAIT!! WAIT!!!  
It will pay to wait! We can wait for a century, if need be; but can Great Britain?

FAITH AND HOPE.

BY LAURIGER.

PRETTY maid,  
Whither away?  
The wind is cold,  
And the morning gray.  
"Jamie passed this way!"

Pretty maid,  
Whither away?  
The snow it falls,  
And dark is the day.  
"Jamie passed this way!"

Pretty maid,  
Whither away?  
The night is black  
And drear. Oh! stay.  
"Jamie passed this way!"

Pretty maid  
Oh! whither away?—  
Your feet are staid!  
Is your heart afraid?  
The morning gray,  
And the dark'ning day,  
And the black, black night,  
You have trod away.  
But the wind is cold,  
And the snow is deep;  
Your hands shall you fold  
To rest, and sleep?  
Your lips shudder white,  
And your limbs are chill,  
And your fluttering breath—  
It is almost still!  
But the morning breaks,  
Of another day!  
"Jamie passed this way!"

The Mistakes of a Genius.

THE circumstances of a first meeting so color long years of acquaintanceship that, should these circumstances be comic in their nature, the intercourse which follows partakes much of the grotesque. Thus, perhaps, it is that the misfortunes of Edward Martin, apart from the whimsical demeanor of the man himself, provoke in my memory a smile rather than a sigh.

Some years ago, while on a tour, it became necessary for me to stop overnight at a quiet village inn.

It was rapidly growing dark, when, as I hurried on, a bend in the road brought me in sight of a figure that filled me with curiosity and amazement. Was it were-wolf spectral, or bear

aboriginal? It lived and moved, and, as I cautiously neared the spot, I seemed to recognize a human being in the singular form stooping, squatting, and groping before me.

The man, for such it proved, was performing most wondrous gymnastics upon the ground—smelling here, smelling there, too agile to be tipsy, too silent to be mad. I had no desire to be alone in a lonely road at nightfall with a maniac, and I was not sorry when my nearer approach resolved these strange phenomena into a well-dressed pedestrian on all fours in the middle of a dusty highway.

He rose as I approached, and I smiled to see that the spectacles astride his handsome nose were minus one lens. He seemed half blind, and wholly bewildered. I looked at once for the lost glass, and there it lay shining at me from the very spot where he had been so industriously peering. He laughed grimly as I handed it to him, fitted his treasure into its wonted rim, took out his watch, and with a low chuckle said:

"Twenty-five minutes is a long time to search for a bit of such small circumference. Thank you. Do you live here?"

"No; I go to the hotel yonder."  
"So do I."

We walked on together in silence till we reached our journey's end—I too tired, he too reserved, too preoccupied, or too shy, to speak again; but when, at last, we had supped, and were seated with our cigars, he turned suddenly to me and asked:

"Are you fond of the country?"  
"Why, yes. What else is there?" I answered, laughing.

"Ah, you are an artist!"

"I hope to be one."

"It's a bad business," said he, testily; "a very bad business. If I were you, I would give it up."

"Have you ever tried it?"

"Tried it?" he ejaculated, kicking the gravel walk; "yes, and everything else, I believe. If I thought it would do you any good, I would give you the benefit of my experience; but you'd only laugh, and make a good story of it to your wife."

"Alas! I have no such encumbrance."

"The worse for you, if you have genius and the modesty of genius. A true artist, who seeks to interpret Nature in its purest and most exquisite relations, who penetrates the deepest temples of the woods and the silent sanctuaries of the mountains, must be a true, pure and good man. He must be a happy man—happy in a sweet and natural way. A man whose life is passed in a daily delight that gently stirs without feverish excitement, will be tender and most lovely to women. He ought to marry."

"Did you ever write poetry?" I asked.

"I began to compose when I was six years old. I wrote a poem on the sea, commencing:

"O thou earthly sea,  
Every person thinks of thee—  
The sailor and the busy bee,  
And the Chinese drinking tea!"

I thought it very fine. I have written many things since then, and they seemed good to me at the time. I would not venture to say how they struck others."

He smiled pleasantly.

"Do not be frightened by the shadow of a possible wife from unfolding your history," said I. "Chance has thrown us together; befriend me with your experience."

"Take warning, then, if need be."

"While at school I was thought a 'very able fellow,' one 'who held the pen of a ready writer,' and I was as vain of my supposed talents as a young girl of her first conquest."

"My earliest literary essay was in a new magazine, which, as it was just rising into notice, would be, I imagined, greatly assisted by my condescension. It was a charity, indeed, to give my support to this fledgeling, and I sent to it a long article, entitled 'The Cultivated, as Moving and Educational Powers.' My manuscripts were returned, with this quiet bit of advice: 'Before X. Y. Z. institutes any other reforms, we would advise him to re-peruse his English grammar.' Far from having a salutary effect, this rebuff only rankled in my soul. I determined to revenge myself on the paltry malignant who dared to despise my efforts. I, therefore, wrote a slashing criticism for one of the evening papers, demolishing, as I thought, the delinquent periodical, and denouncing its whole corps of writers as frivolous and almost illiterate. My satire was returned, being too personal for publication."

"Just at this time I chanced to fall in love with Miss Ellen Wilson, now Mrs. Martin. Fancying my passion unrequited, I poured forth my feelings in ten melancholy stanzas, beginning:

"Oh, what avails it if the spring be bright?"

These verses were very morbid and dreary, but they were published in the *Tri-Weekly*, and hope revived again.

"The drama I next deemed worthy of my attention, and wrote a play, the plot of which I thought quite new and original. A large fortune is left to my hero, who forthwith becomes enamored of a fair damsel; but fearful lest the beloved object should worship his money more than his merits, he disguises himself in a wig and blue spectacles, becomes tutor to her brother, and wins her affections while playing pedagogue. On her acknowledging her attachment, he flings his disguises into the sea, and, in the wildness of his joy at being adored for his profundity in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, German, Mathematics, Natural Science and Civil Engineering, folds his loved one in his arms, and springs into the surf, where both are drowned."

"This, you see, was quite new."

"Quite," I replied, laughing.

"I published it at my own expense, and I must say I have yet to receive the first remittance for this truly original work."

"During the next season, I met with Hans Andersen's inimitable 'Marchen,' and, im-

mediately setting myself to work, I wrote 'Uncle Job's Legacies,' a series of children's tales, full, as I fondly fancied, of poetry, pleasantry, and information. I sent them to *The Juvenile Weekly*. They were accepted with a profusion of thanks; and in a few days I called, by request, at the office, expecting large compensation for services so eagerly received.

"I went up a dirty staircase, into a mean, slovenly back office, where a small, uncleanly man sat tipped back in his chair, picking his teeth. He seemed the personification of nonchalance, impudence and conceit. As I entered, he looked up with a lazy insolence, which, had I been a woman, would have brought a hot flush of indignation to my face, and, on my mentioning my name, he rose and extended a very dirty hand."

"Glad to see you, sir—hope you'll continue your contributions—Uncle Job—good idea, sir—love the little ones? So do we, sir—work very hard for them—don't pay at all—poor business pure charity—that's all."

"But you don't mean to say," I exclaimed, "that your contributors are expected to work from charity?"

"Glad to pay them if we could, but we can't afford it—more contributions than we can use—best authors in the country write for us—pure love for the little ones, I assure you."

"Will you give me my manuscripts?" I said. "I do not vouchsafe to bestow my time and thoughts for nothing. If you do not pay, I can offer them to others who do."

"Hullo! Mortimer, do you know where they are?"

"Sorry I can't oblige you," said a fat man, dirtier and greasier than the first, emerging from an inner den; "they are gone to press."

"If you tell me any more lies," cried I, becoming furious, "I shall take measures that you will not at all relish. If you will not give me my manuscripts, I shall take them;" and, snatching the action to the word, I snatched them from a shelf, where they lay conspicuous, and carried them off without further parley.

"This cured me for awhile of all literary ambition. But the unquiet spirit within me would not rest, and during the following summer I wrote a sentimental tale, full of aspirations, large adjectives, and soft epithets. It was accepted by a well-known monthly, then supposed to be in the height of its prosperity. This was a grain of comfort, and I looked forward confidently to a long future of remuneration and renown, when a letter of regret arrived from the editor, returning my story, and explaining, that, being unable to meet engagements, the magazine had been sold."

"This was bad; but my story was my own, and I accordingly dispatched it to *The Salmagundian*, a periodical of the highest reputation. There it was published, praised, and further contributions requested. Several weeks passed away. I indited a poem, called 'Past and Future; or, Golden and Leadens Hours.' This also appeared in print, and my thirst for fame was beginning to be satisfied, when a polite note reached me from *The Salmagundian* office, begging for another tale, and offering to pay me in back numbers of the magazine. I wrote no more."

"Art beguiled you then, perhaps?"

"Alas, yes, the siren! I had taken lessons from a very clever colorist, and was thoroughly imbued with his enthusiasm. 'I, too, am a painter,' I took for my motto; and, hiring a small studio, I bought a large canvas, on which I sketched out a picture which cost me much money, more time, and many anxious thoughts. "It represented the interior of a church, at the dim end of which a marriage was being solemnized. In the foreground, a group of ten people, in anomalous costumes, was gathered round a youth supposed to be a rejected and despairing lover, who had fallen on the ground in a swoon. It was very affecting, I thought—it would be very effective. Were she to see it, she would be stung with remorse—she would behold the probable effects of her present indifference—she would relent."

"No one knew of my painting. I would keep it a profound secret, till it was a complete and glorious success. So I worked on in my quiet studio, draping before a cheval-glass for my women, attitudinizing and agonizing for my men, until the last touches were on, the varnish dry, and it was all ready for the Spring Exhibition. Then came doubts and speculations. Would it be accepted? Was it good, after all? Would Ellen like it? How would it seem among so many others? Should I take her to look at it? Should I tell her it was mine? Who would buy it?"

"I had hired my studio under an assumed name, and under an assumed name sent my picture to the academy. Now, when I went to see it, I found it, by some strange chance, hung next to a beautiful portrait by Ovington. The juxtaposition gave me a new idea. I saw at once what a villainous daub mine was, and went away oppressed with shame and newfound modesty. Some time after this I strolled again into the exhibition in the hope of finding Miss Wilson; as I entered the vestibule I met her coming out."

"Oh, Mr. Martin!" she exclaimed, "I am just going away; but I must turn back and show you the *funniest* picture! So theatrical! So distorted?"

"Does it hang next to a lady in a purple shawl, by Ovington?"

"Yes. Of course I must have known you would appreciate it, you are such a good critic of pictures. Isn't it the very worst specimen of art you ever saw?"

"Can you imagine my feelings?"

"I think I can."

"This was not all, however. That afternoon I went to my now forsaken studio, previous to taking my departure from it for ever. I was carefully packing my materials, when I heard a knock at the door. I opened it, and an elderly, shrewd-looking man walked into the room."

"Are you Mr. Martin?" he asked.

"I am a friend of his."



"Authorized to sell his picture in the Academy, Number—?"

"Yes."

"How much does he ask for it?"

"How much are you willing to give?"

"Not more than twenty-five dollars."

"That will do. Where shall it be sent?"

"He paid the money, wrote the address, and, bowing, left the studio. Twenty-five dollars just paid for the frame. Who had bought my picture? I looked at the address:

"P. J. PERRY,  
"Restaurant,  
"3,000 Broadway."

"Did you ever paint again?"

"Once only. I made a portrait of my sister-in-law, and sent it to her in a gorgeous frame. I happened to go into her sitting-room, one morning, when she was out, and found my picture hanging with its face to the wall. I turned it round. Directly across the mouth was pasted a white label, on which I saw, neatly printed in Indian ink, 'Queen of the Deplorables.' I took it home with me, and hung it in my library as a lesson to me for all future time."

## The Public Garden of Boston.

As long ago as 1634, William Blaxton, one of the earliest settlers of Boston, having a desire to migrate, sold to the town his great pasture for the sum of thirty pounds, with the stipulation that it should be used as a training-field and a common property forever. The required sum was raised by a special tax of six shillings on each householder—no inconsiderable sum in those days. This training-field, with the additions since made, is famous everywhere to-day under the title of the Boston Common.

As recently as the beginning of this century, the Common was on the southwest skirt of Boston, somewhat out of the way, as it were, and was bounded on its outer side by marshes and a broad expanse of water and flats, known as the Back Bay. The city since then has grown along both flanks of the Common, filled in the flats a half mile beyond it, and is going on steadily to usurp with magnificent dwellings the vast expanse of the old Back Bay.

The reclaimed or made territory immediately adjacent to the Common, mostly filled in within twenty years, is separated from the Common by a broad street known as Charles street. This new portion, to the amount of twenty-four acres, has been set apart for public uses, and denominated the Public Garden. The city owned the flats out to a certain point, and what is beyond that point was given to the City by the State. The State, by the right of eminent domain, owned the adjacent waters for some distance, and has been filling it in and selling lots for years past.

The Public Garden thus, a score of years ago, was a marsh, and many persons now in the prime of manhood have fished for minnows in what is its centre, or raised their kites from a little hill called Fox's Hill, which projected into it from the Common. Now the Public Garden vies with the Common in attractiveness, and when its newly planted trees shall be fully grown, and its works of art increased in number, it will be one of the most finished and beautiful spots of a similar character in this country. It contains an artificial pond of three acres in extent and of irregular but graceful outlines, crossed by a handsome bridge; is traversed in all directions by winding walks, bordered with flower-beds, flowering shrubs, and clumps of ornamental bushes; it has its spacious greenhouse, its many and elegant fountains, and its costly and unique statues and memorial columns; the whole enclosed by a broad mall, and by a neat iron fence with eight gates, one gate at each of the corners, and one gate in the centre of each of the four sides.

The plan on which the Public Garden was laid out was that of George W. Meacham, architect, which plan was adopted by the Board of Aldermen in 1860, under the mayoralty of Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln, seven times Mayor of Boston.

VIEW FROM THE CORNER OF CHARLES AND BEACON STREETS, LOOKING SOUTH.

This week we present two large photographs of the Public Garden, taken by Mr. Whipple, a leading photographer of Boston, looking obliquely across the Garden, from opposite corners.

In the first view, the Arlington Street Church, Unitarian, of which Rev. Dr. Gannett is pastor, occupies the centre of the picture in the distance. The street running to the right from it is Arlington, and that to the left is Boylston, the church being on the corner of those streets. All the houses in sight are on made land.

Midway on Arlington street, between the church and the right hand side of the picture, a broad open space may be perceived, with houses in shade running away at right angles. This is the commencement of Commonwealth avenue, a magnificent street, 240 feet in width, down the centre of which extends a broad mall with two double rows of trees. This avenue goes on indefinitely over the Back Bay till it stops at the present limit of the filling. All the lots in this section of the city are sold under restriction that secures the erection of splendid residences, and forbids the building of stores or business places of any kind for many years. The avenue is to be extended forward in the same scale of magnificence for a couple of miles.

From the head of Commonwealth avenue a broad path comes across the Public Garden, going over the bridge in the centre of the picture, marked by its four pillars, and continues on past the end of the greenhouse on the left to the central gate on Charles street, opposite to which latter is one of the gates of the Common.

In the foreground of the picture, the extension of Beacon street goes to the right, and Charles street to the left, and in the lower left

hand is one of the granite posts of the Charles street corner gate of the Common. It is down Boylston street, beyond the Arlington Street Church, that most strangers will reach the great Coliseum on St. James Park, on the Back Bay, where the Peace Jubilee is to take place.

The first house west of the Public Garden was erected in 1860, that of John D. Bates, a wealthy merchant. It is on the right corner of Commonwealth avenue, and is the large edifice, three windows wide, standing by itself near the right of the picture. The senior Mr. Bates is dead, and the property has passed into the possession of Nathan Matthews, President of the Waterpower Company, who paid over \$100,000 for it.

Commencing at Arlington Street Church, the first houses, in one block, are those occupied by B. E. Bates, Dr. E. H. Clarke, Wm. O. Grover, head of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, and another building by Mr. Preston, the architect. Crossing Newbury street, there next appears a block of three large houses, the corner one being occupied by Dr. Henry W. Williams, one of the most celebrated oculists in the country, and the others respectively by Reuben A. Richards and Mrs. Hannah Horton. James A. Little occupies the spacious mansion on the corner of Commonwealth avenue.

Crossing the head of Commonwealth avenue, we come to the residence of Nathan Matthews; and passing that, to three houses in one block, those of Mr. Morrill, of Mr. Charles I. Cazenove, and of Oliver Brewster, next to which latter a new one is building for Barney Corey. The head of Marlboro' street terminates the picture on the right, but on the same line, not in sight, are the residences of Messrs. Joseph H. Cotton, Hon. Josiah G. Abbott, J. Chandler, Henry Atkins, S. T. Dana, Charles Faulkner and Mr. Weed. All the houses referred to, besides hundreds of others southward of them, are of the first-class, and have been built since 1860.

VIEW OF THE PUBLIC GARDEN FROM THE CORNER OF ARLINGTON AND BOYLSTON STREETS, LOOKING NORTH.

This view, of a summer day, is a lovely one. Here we stand nearly in front of Arlington Street Church, having Arlington street in the foreground, to the left, and at a point obliquely opposite that occupied in the other large view. Running from the right to the centre of the picture, the heavy masses of foliage in the background represent Boston Common. Charles street, the dividing line between the Common and the Garden, is marked by a portion of the Garden fence, and the central gate, just to the right of the greenhouse in the centre of the picture.

Beyond the common, at the extreme right, rises the spire of Park Street Congregational Church, Rev. Mr. Murray, pastor; next, just over the second flagstaff, is seen the steeple of Somerset Street Baptist Church, Rev. Rollin H. Neale, D.D., pastor; then, above all, appears the lofty dome of the State House, with its surrounding cupola, beneath which, in the halls of legislation below, the "General Court" is now in session. From the State House, Beacon street runs down the hill, crossing Charles street where the white house is in the centre of the picture, and continuing on to the extreme left. All the houses that are in view immediately facing the Public Garden are on Beacon street.

The outlines of the Public Garden have already been described. In the centre is the elegant bridge, spanning the narrowest part of the three-acre pond, which latter opens away from it on each side into a broad expanse. The path from it leads to the left, where, close to the fence, in a circular basin, stands the beautiful statue known as "The Maid of the Mist." All the elevated ground in the distance, in the centre of the picture, is called Beacon Hill, the State House being its crowning structure.

### THE ETHER MONUMENT.

This, most marked among the ornaments of the Garden, is a structure of great beauty and merit, some 28 or 30 feet in height. It is of granite, adorned with pillars and other constructions of colored polished marble. The statuary which forms the upper portion is the group of "The Good Samaritan." There are four groups in relief on the four sides, and the inscriptions sufficiently set forth the reasons for the erection of the statue. That on the front is as follows:

"To commemorate the discovery that the inhalation of ether causes insensibility to pain; first proved to the world at the Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston, October, A. D. MDCCCXLVI."

On the back appear these words:

"In gratitude for the relief of human suffering by the inhaling of ether, a citizen of Boston has erected this monument, A. D. MDCCCLXVII. The gift of Thomas Lee."

On opposite sides the following appropriate quotations appear:

"This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.—Isaiah."

"Neither shall there be any more pain.—Rev."

The basin in which the monument stands is diamond-shaped, and receives water from four lions' heads, one on each side of the pedestal, each of which pours a crystal stream from its mouth.

### THE EVERETT MONUMENT.

There is in another part of the Garden, toward Beacon street, a bronze statue of Edward Everett, of colossal size, standing on a granite pedestal some eight feet high. The face of the figure is raised toward the sky, and the hand is extended, representing the immortal orator in the act of declaiming some inspired passage. The imprints on the base, "W. W. Story, inv. et fecit, Rome, 1866," and "Ferd. V. Miller, fudit,

Munich, 1867," show with whom it originated. The statue was presented to the city by some of the leading citizens, at whose order it was executed, and the inscription it bears is: "Edward Everett, born April 11, 1794; died January 15, 1865."

### THE WASHINGTON STATUE.

Close to the central gate on Arlington street, looking down Commonwealth avenue, stands a lofty rectangular pedestal, a dozen feet long or so, which has been erected to support a colossal equestrian statue of Washington, in bronze, the casting of which has been for some months in the hands of a company at Chicopee, Mass. Those who saw the model know that it will be a magnificent work of art, and a noble tribute to the memory of "the Father of his country."

### THE MAID OF THE MIST.

This little gem of art is one of the choicest in the garden. Near the Washington statue pedestal, and directly in front of the mansion of Mr. Matthews, formerly Mr. Bates's, is a circular basin of water, in the centre of which is a marble figure of Venus rising from the sea. She is partly robed, and stands in the hollow of a shell. From innumerable tiny cravices in the pipe that encircles the pedestal a shower of jets ascends and falls in mist all over the figure, producing a very pretty effect when the sun shines upon it. This statue was purchased in Italy by Mr. Bates, while traveling for his health, and was for a time kept at his country-seat at Swampscott, near Boston. Subsequently he presented it to the city. It was the work of one of the best Italian artists.

### THE SWAN'S HOUSE.

Of a pleasant day in summer, as the sun is setting in the West, and the colors of the sunset clouds are reflected in the water, few places are prettier than the Garden. It is then often the resort of hundreds of parents and children, with whom a favorite pastime is to feed the stately swans and the snowy ducks that float upon the surface of the mimic lakes. Boats filled with laughing parties of youths and maidens go to fro; and the flower-bordered walks are lively with people seeking air and exercise. Then it is that the garden appears to the best advantage; and to those who would appreciate its beauties we commend a visit at such an hour.

### BOOK NOTICES.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN W. WATSON. Philadelphia: Turner Brothers & Co.

An elegant little volume, uniform in size and appearance with Whittier's "Among the Hills." Of the nineteen poems comprised in this collection, six appeared originally in FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER. The opening poem, which gives its name to the book, has been long widely and favorably known.

### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co., of Boston: "Men, Women and Ghosts," a collection of stories by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar," "Oldtown Folks," by Mrs. Stowe; "How Lisa Loved the King," by George Eliot; and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," "household" edition.

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

Grand Mass in the Chapel of the Tuilleries, Paris.

Ordinarily, when assisting at Mass, the Emperor, Empress and Prince Imperial, attended by only a small suite, and all in private costume, would occupy places at the further end of the gallery of the chapel, immediately facing the high altar; but now, when the grand Masses lately inaugurated are celebrated, the imperial family occupy the *prie-dieu* placed for them on the floor of the chapel, within a few paces of the altar itself. Following the example of the old monarchy, the Emperor holds a kind of levee in the vestibule at the conclusion of the service, to which those who have previously obtained the necessary authorization are admitted to render their homage, and at which petitions are allowed to be presented to the Emperor.

### Floral Tribute to the Memory of the First Napoleon.

On the 5th of May of every year, the anniversary of the first Napoleon, it is the custom of the surviving soldiers of the Old Guard to bring wreaths of *immortelles* to the base of the Vendôme column. Every year the ranks of these veterans are thinned, but those that remain, however infirm, insist on paying that tribute to the memory of their chief. "This is the forty-eighth crown that I have brought here," said one old crippled hero; "it is perhaps the last; but be my hour near or afar off, to the last moment I shall mourn my emperor's death."

### Benediction of the Bells of St. Ambroise.

On the 29th of April, in the presence of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie, was pronounced the benediction of the bells of the new Church of St. Ambroise, on the Boulevard Prince Eugene, at Paris. The three bells, covered with lace, were on the right of their majesties, and, after an address by the Archbishop of Paris in regard to the significance of the ceremony, they were formally consecrated. The Emperor and Empress, as the rite progressed, sounded the accompaniment by swinging the tasseled cords to which the iron tongues were fastened.

### The Pilgrims from Mecca at Ismailia.

The pilgrimage to Mecca attracts every year, from Egypt, a crowd of Mussulmans, who, from the interior of Africa, from the base of the Atlas, from Mauritania, from Lybia, and even from Senegal, proceed to the holy city, where the prophet preached and died. The caravan, leaving Morocco, travels along the coast of the Mediterranean, recruiting *hajjists* (pilgrims) at Tunis, Tripoli, Barkah, and, after crossing the Lybian desert, arrives at Alexandria, with a force of about four thousand camels. Thence it goes to Cairo to join the Egyptian caravan. At Cairo the pilgrims select their chief, the Emir-el-Hadjji; formerly the pasha held that office in person. This chief is invested with powers partly religious. The caravan proceeds under his orders to Mecca, and remains about four months in that city. From Cairo to Suez the journey was formerly accomplished with camels. At present the desert is traversed by a navigable canal that brings the waters of the Nile to

Lake Timsah, and enables the transit to be effected in boats. Our engraving represents the caravan on its return from Mecca, at the moment when the *hajjists* are embarking on the fresh-water canal, homeward bound. A letter from an American lady makes the following allusion to this scene: Suez, April 11.—We have had a great lark, the arrival of a long train of Mecca pilgrims, on their way back from the "Hadjj." They are most of them Syrians or from Upper Asia, and are going by canal to Port Said. Twenty-six hundred of them are on their way northward, and several thousand more are to follow. Except that they are never astonished at anything, I should think they would open their eyes at seeing a great rushing sea traversing the hitherto trackless desert. I did have hopes of buying carpets from them, but their bundles seem to be mostly old clothes and bedding.

### Review at the Camp of Saint Maur, France.

The French camp of instruction is located this year at Saint Maur, and is composed of two thousand men. The ceremony of installation took place on Sunday, April 25, being opened by the performance of High Mass on the most elevated point of the plateau of Gravelle. The camp is formed in the same manner as that of last year, the ranges of tents occupying the large space between the fort of Gravelle, the Imperial farm and the race-course. Visitors are permitted to roam at will about the camp, except when the men are being drilled. Our illustration represents the return of the troops to camp after the review by General La Croix, which took place at noon, after the conclusion of the religious ceremonies.

### Historical Festival at Aix.

On Saturday, April 24, the city of Aix was the scene of one of those festivals that were of frequent occurrence during the Middle Ages, in the time of joust and tourney. The exhibition had the merit of being for a charitable purpose, and was organized with great pomp and splendor. It represented the solemn entry of King Rene into the capital of his kingdom, in 1442, and all the notabilities, the high and puissant dignitaries, the knights and warriors and churchmen who figured on that occasion, had their counterfeit presentments in that mimic scene of medieval grandeur.

### A Benevolent Fete at Venice.

During last month a charitable fair was held at Venice, organized by the ladies of the gem of the Adriatic. Under the privileged sky of Italy, where the winters are mild, these festivals, commenced in the early spring, are held in the open air, in the public promenades, where the booths are erected, over which the aristocratic Venetian dames preside. At night the beauty of the scene is enhanced by the many-colored lanterns that shed their soft light upon the picturesque surrounding. Our engraving represents one of the pavilions, of Oriental construction, in which the high-born beauties of the City of the Sea fulfilled their charitable mission.

### View of the Aurora Borealis of April 15, at Paris, France.

The display of the aurora-borealis of April 15, as seen from the observatory of the College de France, Paris, was a very attractive, as it was certainly an unusual spectacle. The horizon was bounded in every direction by heavy clouds, above which the aurora shone like a curtain of greenish-hued light. This curtain was agitated by a series of undulations like waves, succeeding each other at regular intervals of two or three seconds. The observers described the arc as being furrowed by the passage of thread-like stars, small but brilliant, which remained only during one of the undulations of the aurora.

### HON. EDWARDS PIERREPONT.

THE antecedents of Judge Edwards Pierrepont fully justified his appointment as United States District-Attorney for the Southern District of New York, and the ability which he has already demonstrated in the discharge of his new official duties confirms the general impression that the selection was well made.

Judge Pierrepont is of an old Connecticut family, being a descendant of James Pierrepont, one of the founders of Yale College. He is a native of North Haven, and was graduated at Yale College, in the class of 1837, with very high honors, being in college phrase an "oration man." His legal education was received at the New Haven Law School, of which Judge Daggett was then the head.

In 1840 he went to Columbus, Ohio, and became the partner of P. B. Wilcox, a distinguished lawyer of that city. After five years he returned to practice in New York, and in 1846 he married Samuel A. Wiloughby's daughter, her mother being of the old Dutch family of De Boevis, in Brooklyn.

In 1837 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court of New York, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Chief Justice Oakley. In 1860 he resigned his seat upon the bench and resumed the practice of the law, and has, for many years, been one of the most eminent men at the New York Bar.

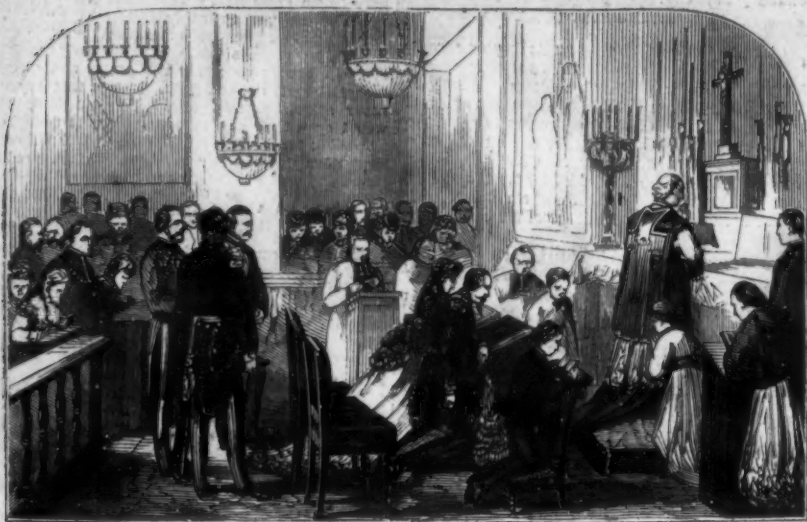
Until the breaking out of the war he had always been a Democrat, but from the first he took an active part against the rebellion. He was a member of the Union Defense Committee, and a zealous supporter of the administration of Mr. Lincoln. In 1862 he was appointed, with General Dix, to try the prisoners of State, then confined in the various prisons and forts of the Federal Government. In 1864 he was one of the most active in organizing the War Democrats, in favor of the election of Abraham Lincoln. In 1867 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York, and one of the Judiciary Committee. In the late contest he was an ardent supporter of General Grant, making very large contributions in money, and effective speeches upon the Republican side.

He is now in the prime of middle life, being about fifty-one years old. He is a man of large fortune, and in his high social sphere, as well as in that to which his talents have elevated him, he is a type of the American gentleman and scholar.

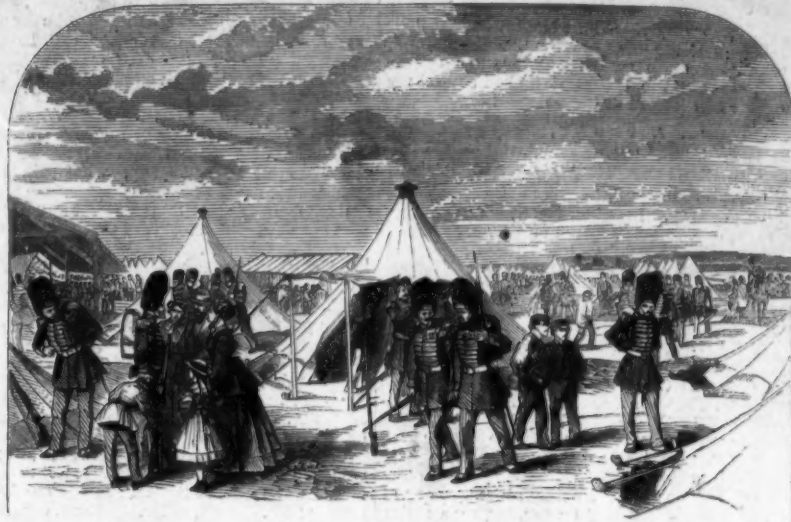
A CASE of "breach of promise" was lately decided in London, which has some curious features. The action was brought against a youth called Alfred Ruthven, a cook, who had promised to marry Caroline Hale, both the parties being under age. He did not keep the promise, but married somebody else, and pleaded infancy; against which it was argued that an infant can enter into a valid contract for necessities. Thereupon Mr. Justice Mellor laid down the important legal doctrine that "a wife is not a necessary for an infant." No doubt! It would be more plausible to argue that an infant is a necessary for a wife.



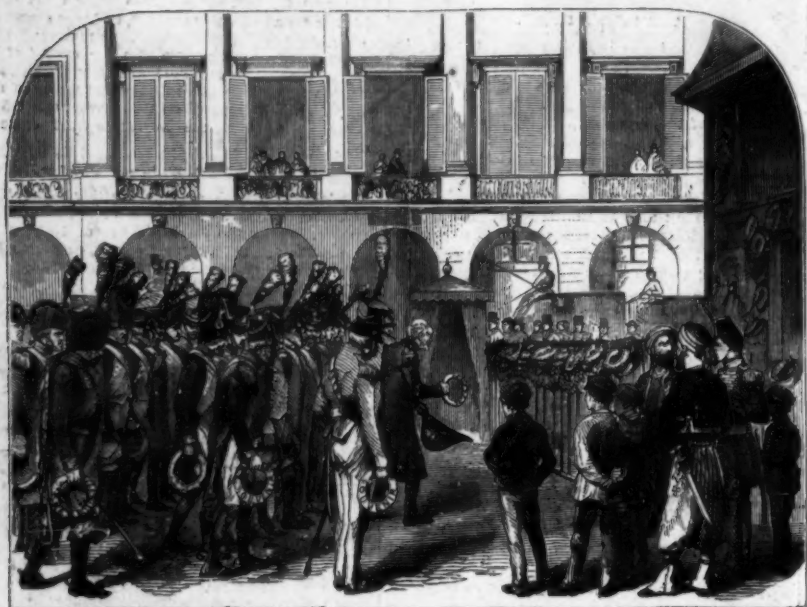
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 195.



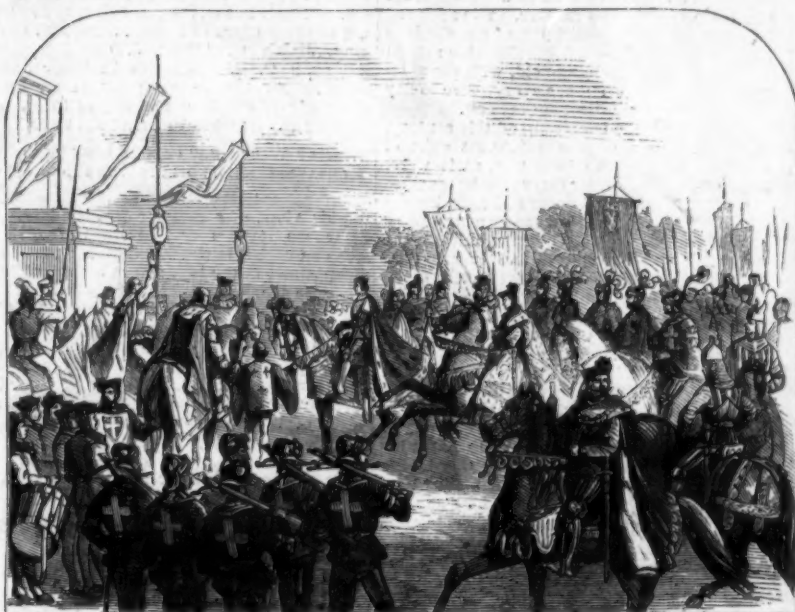
FRANCE—GRAND MASS IN THE CHAPEL OF THE TUILERIES, PARIS.



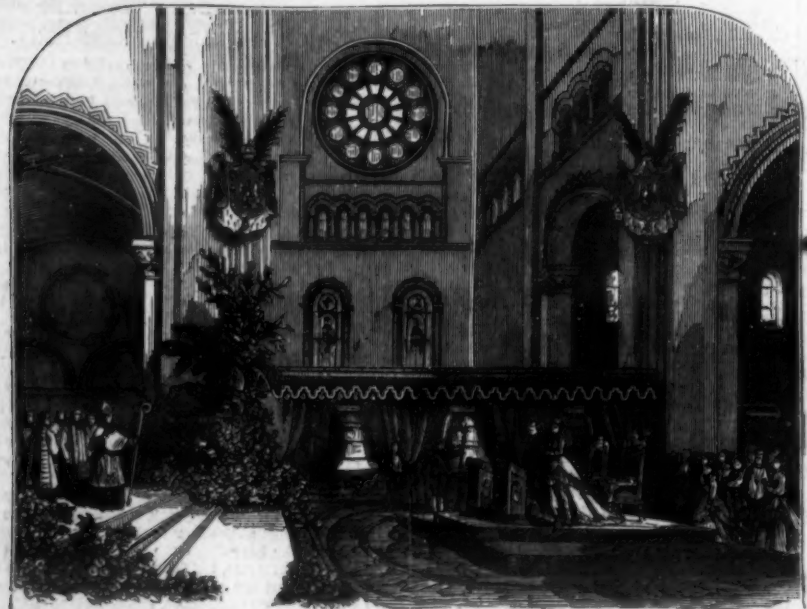
FRANCE—A REVIEW AT THE CAMP OF SAINT MAUR—RETURN OF SOLDIERS TO THEIR TENTS.



FRANCE—PILGRIMAGE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE OLD GUARD TO THE COLUMN OF THE PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.



FRANCE—HISTORICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX, 18TH AND 24TH OF APRIL, 1869—REPRESENTATION OF THE ENTRY OF KING RENE, IN 1442.



FRANCE—BENEDICTION OF THE BELL OF THE CHURCH OF ST. AMBROISE, PARIS, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.



ITALY—BENEVOLENT FESTIVAL AT VENICE—THE KIOSQUE OF THE LADIES OF THE VENETIAN ARISTOCRACY.



DRIFT-PILGRIMS FROM MECCA REBARKING ON THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ CANAL, AT ISMAILA.



FRANCE—THE AURORA BOREALIS OF APRIL 15TH—VIEW TAKEN FROM THE OBSERVATORY OF THE COLLÈGE OF FRANCE, PARIS.

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EARLY SUMMER IN NEW YORK CITY—SELLING FLOWERS ON SIXTH AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 206.

**HON. NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF, M. D., MAYOR OF BOSTON.**

If ever any man, by his industry, energy and ability, made himself popular, and raised himself to positions of honor and of trust, that man is Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, now holding for the second year the office of Mayor of Boston. To the thousands of graduates of Harvard College all over the country, his name is as familiar as household words, having long been secretary of its Board of Overseers, and his membership of numerous learned societies has made him known abroad as well as at home. His literary labors have proved of great value to the country, and as an antiquarian he is possessed of an amount of knowledge that is exceeded by but few persons. The Royal Society of Antiquaries of London, at the nomination of Earl Stanhope, Lord Mahon, made him an honorary member, a distinction conferred on but few Americans so far as we know, viz.: on Edward Everett, on Robert C. Winthrop, on Bancroft, Prescott, Sparks and Motley, the historians, on Charles Francis Adams, late Minister to England, and on Squier, the explorer of ancient remains. Hon. James Savage said of him: "Research on every point he touches is so nearly exhausted, that a minute error will very rarely be detected. He is patient, accurate and persevering in all that he undertakes, and hence his original antiquarian works and his published documents have earned for him a great reputation as a reliable and thorough writer, and one who can be taken as high authority on all the subjects of which he treats. He has devoted much time to the study of natural history, of comparative anatomy, and kindred sciences, and several depositories have been enriched by numerous specimens prepared by his own hands. He has been treasurer and curator of the Natural History Society of Boston, has rendered continued service to the cause of education in the city, and as trustee of the Boston Public Library, he has done much to forward the interests of the citizens. For some time he had the position of chief trustee of the State Library. Probably the very best compliment that was paid to him was the fact that the State of Massachusetts selected him to reproduce, from faded manuscripts and tattered books, the colonial records



HON. NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF, M. D., MAYOR OF BOSTON, MASS.

of the Massachusetts colony and of the Plymouth colony from 1628 to 1694, involving several years of research and study of contemporaneous documentary evidence. The fourteen splendidly printed and massive volumes that were issued under his direction, costing several thousand dollars, will remain in the future as enduring monuments to his personal qualities and to the confidence reposed in them.

Benjamin Shurtleff, the father of the mayor, was born in Carver, Plymouth county, Massachusetts, and was a lineal descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers. He also was a physician and antiquarian, well-known and honored in his day and generation. He settled in Boston, and it was in that city that Mayor Shurtleff was born, on the 29th of June, 1810, nearly sixty years ago. And yet the mayor looks young. He is ruddy, full-featured, with a bright eye, an even form, and a prompt manner, and bears the appearance of one of forty-five at the most, except his hair, which is iron-gray. The public grammar schools of Boston and the Latin school gave the young Bostonian his education, and at seventeen years of age he entered Harvard College. Joseph G. Cogswell, late librarian of the Astor Library, in New York, and Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, were his tutors at Round Hill, Northampton, when preparing for college. He graduated in the close of 1831, with Wendell Phillips, J. Lothrop Motley, and other men since eminent. The Harvard Medical School aided him in obtaining a profession, in the practice of which he has been very successful, notwithstanding his constant attention to literary duties.

And yet, with all these honors and advantages, Dr. Shurtleff has always been one of the most unassuming and unaristocratic men of the time. His manners are modest and quiet, and eminently courteous, and his kindness of heart and regard for the feelings of others are well known, and have often been proved. No guard stands at his office door to warn off strangers, but the poorest and humblest petitioner in the city who has proper business with him can obtain instant audience. These things make the true gentleman, and have made him what he is to-day, one of the most popular men in Boston.

Although he never aspired to any political office, yet in 1855 he was



nominated as candidate for mayor in the face of a strong majority on the other side, and though defeated, he received a larger number of votes than any defeated candidate had ever previously had. In the fall of 1867 he was again nominated and triumphantly elected; and last fall, after the national election, in which the Republicans carried the city by several thousand majority, he was nominated a third time, and the municipal election in December saw him a second time chosen mayor, and by an increased and unexpected vote.

Mayor Shurtleff had two sons captains in the war of the rebellion. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, the eldest, graduated in the Harvard College class of 1859, and while captain in the Twelfth Massachusetts regiment, yielded up his life for his country at the battle of Cedar Mountain, Virginia, at the early age of twenty-four years. The youngest, Hiram S., served in some of the severest actions of the war, and since then has represented Boston twice in the Legislature. So it is that the future historian, while telling of the civic and military honors that have crowned the life of the father, will not forget to record the sacrifice of the son upon the altar of his country.

## SONNET.

IN A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.—MAY, 1869.

THE air is faint, yet still the crowds press in;  
With stir of silks and under-flow of talk  
That falls from lips of ladies as they walk,  
Ere yet the dainty service doth begin:  
Ah me! the very organ's glorious din  
Is tuned to pious trimness in its place.  
And over all a sweet melodious grace  
Floats with the incense-stream good souls to win!

O God, that spak'st of old from Sinai's brow!  
And Thou that laid'st the tempest with a word!

Is this Thy worship? Come amongst us now  
With all Thy thunders, if Thou would'st be heard.

So tyrannous is this weight of pageantry,  
Almost, we cry, "Give back Gethsemane!"

## THE PRUSSIAN TERROR;

OR,

## The Adventures of an Amateur Soldier.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, SEN.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE MARRIAGE IN EXTREMIS.

THE doctor rushed out of the room as hastily as his professional dignity permitted.

In the meantime Helene introduced a spoonful of the cordial between Karl's lips, while Benedict rang the bell, and summoned the servants.

"Go for the priest," said Helene to Hans, who came running up.

"To administer extreme unction?" asked Hans, timidly.

"To perform the marriage ceremony," answered Helene.

Five minutes later the doctor returned with his apparatus.

"Doctor," said Benedict to him, "I am sufficiently well acquainted with the operation to be able to discuss it with you. Permit me, then, to say to you, before you begin, that I entirely disapprove of the method of Muller and Dieffenbach, who inject the blood defibrinated by shaking, and that, on the contrary, I agree with Bernard, who thinks the blood ought to be injected in its natural condition, and with all its elements intact."

"I am of that opinion, too," remarked the doctor. "Ring the bell, Monsieur Benedict."

Benedict rang, and a *femme de chambre* entered.

"Some hot water in a deep vessel," said the doctor, "and a thermometer, if there is one in the house."

The *femme de chambre* vanished, and returned almost immediately with the desired articles.

The doctor drew a bandage from his pocket, and wrapped it round the wounded man's left arm. It was on that side the blood was to be injected, the right arm being useless.

The vein swelled in a few moments, which proved that the blood was not entirely exhausted, and that it still circulated, though feebly.

Then the doctor turned toward Helene.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Helene; "but be quick. My God! if he should die!"

The doctor bound Helene's arm with a bandage, placed his apparatus on the bed, so as to have it as near the wounded man as possible, and immersed it in water heated to thirty-five degrees (Reaumur), in order that the blood might not have time to cool while passing from one arm to the other. He bared the most swollen blood-vessel in Karl's arm, then, at the same moment, he pricked the young girl's arm, and her blood flowed into the apparatus.

When he judged that he had drawn about 120 or 130 grammes weight, he signed to Benedict to stop the flow of Helene's blood with his thumb, and, making a longitudinal incision in the blood-vessel of Karl's arm, he introduced the end of the apparatus into it, pressing it slowly, and taking special care that no globule of air should enter with the blood.

During the operation, which lasted scarcely ten minutes, a slight noise was heard at the door. This was made by the priest, who had come up, accompanied by Emma, Madame de Beling, and all the servants belonging to the establishment. Helene turned round, saw them standing at the door, and signed to them to enter.

At this moment Benedict pressed her arm. Karl started slightly, and a sort of shiver ran all over his body.

"Ah!" said Helene, clasping her hands,

"God be thanked! My blood has reached his heart!"

Benedict held ready in hand a strip of English taffeta, which he placed over the opened vein, and fastened securely.

Then the priest approached. He was a Catholic priest, who had been Helene's confessor ever since she was a child.

"Did you send for me, my daughter?" he asked.

"Yes," said Helene. "I would like, my grandmother and sister consenting, to marry this gentleman, who, with God's help, is about to open his eyes and recover his senses. But there is no time to lose, for the fainting may recur."

Karl, as if he had only waited for this moment to regain his consciousness, opened his eyes, looked tenderly at Helene, and said, in a voice which, though feeble, was quite audible: "In the depth of my swoon I heard everything. You are an angel, Helene, and I join you in asking your mother and sister to consent that I should leave you my name."

Benedict and the doctor looked at each other, astonished at this super-excitement which momentarily restored sight to Karl's eyes, and speech to his lips.

The priest approached.

"Louis Karl de Freyberg," he said, "do you declare, acknowledge and swear before God and His holy church that you take for your wife and lawful spouse Helene de Chandroz, here present?"

"Yes."

"Do you promise and swear to be faithful in all things, as a faithful husband should be to his wife, and in accordance with the commands of God?"

Karl smiled in a melancholy way at this recommendation, imposed by the forms of the church, and designed for those who suppose they have long years to live, and time to break this holy promise.

"Yes," he said, "and in faith thereof here is my mother's wedding-ring, which, blessed once before, will become yet more holy by passing through your hands."

And do you, Helene de Chandroz, likewise declare, acknowledge and swear, before God and His holy church, that you take as your husband and lawful spouse Louis Karl de Freyberg, here present?"

"Oh, yes, my father!" returned Helene.

The priest added for Karl, who was too weak to speak:

"Receive this token of the marriage contract made between you."

As he said these words, he slipped the ring Karl had given him over Helene's finger.

"I give you this ring in witness of the marriage you are contracting."

After saying these words, the priest uncovered himself, and made the sign of the cross on Helene's hand, saying, in a low voice:

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Then, holding his right hand over the couple, he added, in a louder tone:

"May the God of Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob keep and bless you. And I join you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"My father," said Karl, addressing the priest, "you may as well add the absolution for the dying to the prayers you have just offered to heaven for the husband, and then I will have nothing more to ask of you."

The priest drew himself up, raised his hand, and pronounced the sacramental words. Then he added:

"Depart from this world, Christian soul, in the name of Almighty God the Father, who created you; of Jesus Christ, son of the living God, who suffered for you; of the Holy Ghost, which has been given you, and of the angels and archangels. Depart!"

And, as if Karl's soul was, in fact, waiting for this solemn moment to leave its body, Helene, who had raised him in her arms, so that he might hear the priest's last words, felt herself drawn to him by an almost irresistible force. Her lips pressed her lover's, and these words struggled out under her kiss:

"Adieu, my cherished wife! Your blood is my blood! Adieu!"

His head fell back on the pillow. He had breathed out his last sigh on Helene's lips. Nothing more was heard but the sobs of the young girl, and an appeal to heaven, which ended with these words:

"O Lord, my God! receive us into Thy mercy."

The complete prostration with which Helene fell on Karl's body showed every one that the latter was dead.

All the spectators, who had been present at the scene kneeling, rose to their feet. Emma threw herself into Helene's arms, exclaiming: "We are doubly sisters now; sisters by blood and sisters by affliction."

Then, as if they felt that such grief needed solitude, every one withdrew slowly, noiselessly on tiptoe, leaving Helene with her husband.

Two hours afterward Benedict, becoming uneasy, ventured to return and tap lightly at the door, saying as he did so: "It is I, my sister."

Helene, who had locked herself in, came to open the door for him. His astonishment was great when he saw that the young woman was attired in full dress. She wore a wreath of white roses on her head, diamond earrings in her ears, and a necklace of great value on her neck. Her fingers were loaded with costly rings. Her arm which, but a short time before, had furnished the blood that procured Karl's miraculous resurrection, was covered with bracelets. A magnificent lace shawl hung from her shoulders and fell in graceful folds over a robe of white satin, looped with bunches of pearls. Her hair was arrayed with great care, and as if she were about to be led to the altar.

"You see, my friend," she said to Benedict, "I wished to comply literally with his wishes, so I am dressed not as a bride, but as a wife."

Benedict looked at her sadly; and all the

more so because Helene did not weep, but, on the contrary, wore a smile on her lips. One would have thought that she had given all her tears to the living, and had none left for the dead. Benedict looked at her with profound astonishment as she came and went in the room, occupying herself with a thousand little details having reference to Karl's laying out, and pointing out to him some fresh object every moment.

"See," she said; "Karl liked this; he noticed that; we will put it in his coffin with him."

"*Apres?*" she said, suddenly, "I was going to forget my hair, which he admired so much."

She took off her crown, and undid her hair, which fell flowing to her knees. She cut it all off, and plaited it into a tress, which she twined round Karl's neck.

Night fell. She talked long with Benedict about the hour at which the interment was to take place on the morrow. As it was only six o'clock in the evening, she charged him with the execution of all those duties so painful for the family, and which were almost equally painful to Benedict, who had loved Frederick and Karl both as if they had been his brothers. She requested him to order the coffin himself, of oak, and wide.

"Why wide?" asked Benedict.

Helene only answered: "Do as I ask you, and you will be blessed."

She herself gave orders that her husband should be put in his shroud at six o'clock in the morning.

Benedict obeyed her in every particular. He spent the evening in arranging details of the funeral, and did not return to the house until eleven o'clock. When he got back he found Helene's room transformed into a burning chapel. A double row of blazing wax lights encircled the bed, on which Helene was sitting, looking at Karl.

As she wept no longer, so she prayed no longer. What had she to ask of God, now that Karl was dead?

From time to time she raised her hand to her lips and kissed her wedding-ring passionately.

Toward midnight her mother and sister, who had been praying, and who did not understand Helene's calmness any more than Benedict did, withdrew. Helene kissed them sadly, but without shedding a tear. Then she asked for the child, that she might kiss it. She held it a long time in her arms kissing it, and then she laid it, without waking it, on its mother's bosom.

When the women had retired, Helene found herself alone with Benedict.

"My friend," she said, "you may remain, or return to your own room, as you prefer, and repose for some hours. Don't worry yourself about me; I shall lie down in my clothes and sleep by his side."

"Sleep!" exclaimed Benedict, still more astonished.

"Yes," replied Helene quietly; "I feel fatigued. While he was alive I could not sleep, but now—"

She did not finish the sentence.

"At what o'clock shall I return?" asked Benedict.

"When you please," replied Helene; "come about eight o'clock."

Then, looking out on the sky, through the open window, she added: "I think we will have a storm to-night."

Benedict pressed her hand and went out.

She called him back. "I beg your pardon, my friend," she said. "Did you say they would come at six o'clock to dress the corpse?"

"Yes," answered Benedict, half suffocated by his tears.

Helene divined, from the alteration in his voice, what was passing in him. "Why don't you kiss me, my friend?" she observed.

Benedict strained her to his breast, and burst into sobs.

"How weak you are!" she said. "See how calm he is—so calm one would say he was happy!"

And, as Benedict attempted to reply, she added: "Go, my friend, go; until eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

## Incidents of Travel in Texas Since the War.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL,

AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," "WAS HE SUCCESSFUL," "CUBA AND THE CUBANS," "HENRY POWERS, ETC."

## I.

It is one thing to dream about settling down to a new life which involves a complete change from all your previous habits, and quite another to carry it into practice.

When I came to the point, I think my heart would have failed me (I must confess it) had it not been for the consideration of my health. The terrible premonitions of a severe cough and sideache still haunted my recollection. Here I was enjoying a feeling of vigor I never before experienced, and I was not willing to give up this, to me, new sense. I was told just the reverse would be the case in a Southern latitude, but either the climate was specially adapted to my constitution, or the altitude was too great to induce languor of the system.

Monday morning immediately after breakfast I started to return to Case's. It was understood I was to come back on the following day or the day after, and settle on the particulars of my purchase. I wanted first to have a talk with my friend, and get his advice in parceling out the sum I was in possession of. More than half of my store of two hundred and fifty dollars was in gold, which in the interior of Texas is the principal circulating medium. The business of the Government is carried on with greenbacks, but that of the country, in gold and silver. At Galveston two national banks have gone into

operation, while the large amount of trade with New York prevents business being done on a specie basis; but the traveler, when he leaves that place to go into the country, must purchase gold, precisely as we do when we go to Europe.

I knew Case could aid me very much in estimating the cost of actually getting settled in my ranch. Besides, I must manage somehow to exist until my crop comes in! It seemed quite like home to come back again, and be welcomed by Mrs. Case, and have such a hearty old-fashioned greeting from Case himself, just as if I had been his brother. When I stepped inside the house, and went to my room, as they called it, I wondered how I could have hesitated in my decision, or thought of quitting a region where I found such warm-hearted friends.

Was there a place in all the city of New York where I would have received such a welcome? Yes, there was one where I felt that the inmates were always pleased to see me. It was at the house of a fellow-clerk. He had been imprudent enough to marry a poor girl, and with two or three children it was more than he could do to make the ends meet. He applied for an increase of salary, but could not get it. His condition was becoming every day more precarious. When my health began to fail, I used to go often and spend an evening there. "Misery loves company," that is the proverb; which does not mean, as many seem to think, that folks who are in distress like to see other folks in distress; but that the miserable and wretched seek the society and companionship of the miserable and wretched, because they sympathize with and comfort, and (where they can) help one another.

Some feeling of this sort would bring me almost every evening to Burton's rooms, where, with his wife, we would indulge in a moderate cup of tea and some bread and butter, and talk, and plan, and try to imagine that there was some hope for us in the future. I daresay when we got engaged building these air-castles, we were just as happy as Stewart himself—perhaps happier, who knows?—but then we had to come back to facts again (Burton used to call it down to the "hard-pan"), which were after all much softened by talking things over, and by mutual sympathy.

"Why don't you quit New York and go West?" I used to say.

"How shall I get away?" he would reply.

"I am in debt all the time, and if I broke up, my little store of furniture would only pay what I owe. I am nothing but a slave, my wife is a slave, my children will be slaves."

"Nonsense," I would reply; "you take a gloomy view of things."

"I suppose I do. Good-night."

This was the place where I always was made to feel at home, and the only spot in the great city where I did feel so; and as I stepped into my room at Case's that fine morning, a vision of Burton and his pale wife and his bright-looking children rose up before me.

"Perhaps I can one of these days help them out of their prison-house," I said to myself. It was something very happy to think about.

I have made a very long digression, I know, from Bosque county in Texas, back to the Sixth avenue in New York, but if the reader knew how much my feelings were interested about Burton and his family, I am sure I should be excused for it.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Case, "I did not like to advise, but now that you have decided, I will tell you I think you are doing exactly the right thing."

"Well done, Jane," said Case. "Suppose now you give Ferris some lessons in house-keeping."

"I do not believe he will need any," replied his wife.

"You mean, I guess, that they would be thrown away on me," I remarked; "but really I must learn somehow how to make corn-dodger. I expect it will be all I shall have to live on for the first few months. Fortunately I like it first-rate."

"Oh, it is the simplest thing in the world to make," she replied. "But you ought to learn how to prepare flour biscuits."

"Not for me, thank you. I shall never touch flour so long as I can get Indian meal."

"That will do for a time, but after a while you will get tired of it."

Here Case said he was ready to sit down to figures, so the discussion about the merits of flour and Indian meal was brought to an end, and we resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole on the state of my fortunes.

Given two hundred and fifty dollars with which to purchase a place, furnish my house, fence my lands, get in my crop and keep myself alive for several months to come, more or less.

Does this excite a smile, reader? It was a very serious business with me, let me tell you that. Something like a matter of life and death, it then appeared. Looking back, I do not see precisely how I brought myself to undertake it, but you shall have the figures.

"Let me see," said Case; "you have about one hundred and fifty dollars in gold and one hundred dollars currency. You give two hundred and forty dollars for your eighty acres. Suppose you make a payment of forty dollars on the place, leaving the balance to be paid according to agreement. You must try to hold on to the rest of the currency till gold goes down."

"Of which the prospect is specially encouraging, as it has gone up four per cent. since I left Galveston."

"So much the better for the purchase you made," said Case, taking always the bright side of the case. Then he took out his pencil and began to "cipher," while I sat by in silence. His "sum" did not come out right the first time, or the second, but he kept on rubbing out and altering, adding up and then subtracting an item and supplying its place with another, I looking on helpless as an infant. At length the "budget" of my chancellor of the exchequer was ready.



"You see," said Case, with becoming gravity, "it won't do for you to get entirely out of money."

"Just my idea."

"For," he continued, without noticing my interruption, "there is no money in this part of the country, and won't be till the crops come in."

"I dare say," assented I, rather dolefully.

"At the same time there are many things you will have to pay cash for."

"Of course."

"There is no money to be laid out on your house. Miller told me yesterday that it would do first rate with a little fixing you and he could give it. The rails for fencing will be the principal expense. Miller says three-fourths of the old rails have been stolen, or are good for nothing. We have calculated you had best fence in as near fifteen acres as you can for the first year, and with what old rails we can use, there is a sixty-dollar gold job right off."

"You don't say so?" I exclaimed, in much alarm. I knew so little about such things, and had thought so little about a fence, that if Case had said ten dollars instead of sixty, I should have considered the appropriation quite sufficient. I happened to think at this moment of the colossal altitude of Texan fences, and was wondering childishly how they managed to get the top rails on without pulley and tackle, when Case exclaimed: "You must not let this frighten you. I have given you the heaviest outlay to begin with."

"I hope so. I don't think my pile of one hundred and fifty dollars could stand very many knocks of sixty dollars. But tell me," I said, quite seriously, "don't you think they make their fences too high around here?"

Case looked at me to ascertain if I was in earnest, then he burst into a hearty laugh (I always liked to hear Case laugh, it was so genuine).

"I suppose you think one of our respectable slim four-rail Yankee fences ought to answer perfectly well here?"

"Why not?"

"Because one of our wild steers would 'take it' at a bound, as easy as an English hunter a four-foot wall; and if we split our rails into kindling wood, down the fence would go the first time a bullock tried his horns against it. 'No,' continued Case, 'we can't economize in the fence; but let us proceed. You have got to furnish your house.'

"I know it; and where is the cash to come from?"

"It will cost about half as much to do it as to fence the fifteen acres," said Case. "I have put down here thirty-five dollars. It may run up to forty dollars; I don't think it, but let us say forty dollars. This gives you a single iron bedstead, straw mattress and pillows, two or three chairs, a pine table, change of sheets and some towels, a little crockery and a few articles for the kitchen. Here is the list; it is all down."

I took it, looking it over a little ruefully.

"What is this?" I asked. "Two shake-downs."

"Oh, they don't amount to much," answered Case. "A couple of large bedticks, which you must fill with straw, so as to be ready to accommodate any visitors."

"Visitors! the d—! Excuse me, but the idea rather takes me aback."

Case was greatly amused at my consternation. "Hospitality should be especially practiced in a new country," he said, with mock gravity. "Recollect how you were received everywhere on your way up."

"Oh, I don't forget—four in a bed, and I presume the fifth man would have been equally welcome."

"No doubt."

"And I must make preparations for similar visitations?"

"You certainly must," said Case, "though, as you are not on the line of travel, I don't think you will have to exercise the rites very often. However, if we talk all day, we will never get through."

The next outlay was for a few implements of husbandry, which, as it amounted to only a small sum, I ventured to ask for some small additions to my stock of housekeeping articles, but Case was inexorable.

"This will do to begin with," he said. "When you actually get in your place, you can tell better whether or not you really need anything else. Here you are with sixty dollars currency and forty-five dollars gold left. I have plenty of flour and meal, which I shall furnish you, and give you credit for it till your crop comes in. I have also cotton-seed. Oh, I forgot; you must have a lot of hens. You see we shall be all the time remembering something, and that's why I keep a reserve. I know of some good fowls I can buy for two bits apiece. Half a dozen will do to begin with."

After some further parley, I succeeded in introducing in my list a few trifling articles, which Case maintained were luxuries. Among these I put down one small looking-glass, which he confessed he had forgotten.

"You will have to buy your bacon, as I have none to spare, and I do not think Miller has; but that won't count up very fast if you don't entertain too much company," he said, with a droll expression. "Half a dozen hungry border men dropping in on you some evening would clear you out pretty well by the time they left after breakfast."

"Don't raise up any such visions," I replied, in the same vein. "It will be time to prepare for them after I get to housekeeping."

"I intended," said Case, "to have gone over to give you a lift plowing to-morrow, but Standofer has just brought me word that I have a box at Waco—one that our Connecticut friends have put up for my wife—and I am going down to get it. I will take the mules, and can bring up your things as well as not. On the whole, the sooner you get into your house the better. You won't feel settled till you do."

Mrs. Case now came in, and her husband read over the list to her.

"Oh, Harry, you don't mean to fix Mr. Ferris off in that way?" she exclaimed. "I would not submit to it if I were you. Why, where are his tumblers? no sugar-bowl, no salt-cellar, not even a pepper-box. Hum! hum!" She ran her eye slowly over the list. "No pillow-cases."

"I did forget them, I admit," interposed Case.

"No shovel and tongs."

"That's a fact. I don't know how I came to leave them out."

"No lamp or candlestick."

"There, I told you, didn't I?" said Case, turning to me in a truly deprecatory way, "that we should remember ever so many things, and that is why I was so careful to make the money go as far as possible."

"It's a funny way to make money go far, to not buy anything at all. I should say, rather, it is by making a judicious selection."

"But, Jane, you are mistaken about some of these things. There are no tumblers, it is true, but if you look under 'Tinware' you will find two pint cups and a pepper-box."

"Nonsense," said his wife. "I shall revise this list myself. You ought to have consulted me, Mr. Ferris. I consider it necessary for your comfort that your table shall look neat and homelike, even if there is nothing but corn-cake on it. So much I insist on. I see there are no table-cloths down, and not half sheets enough."

"You will ruin Ferris, the way you are going on," said Case, laughing.

"No such thing. I came in just in time to hear your secret, and I know just how much money you misers have got left. I shall not be very severe on you, but shall rearrange the list. It is a woman's business, and you should have left it to me in the beginning."

"It is all up with us, Ferris," said Case. "I was in hopes to have kept you out of Jane's hands, but we have got to submit."

And we did submit. The result was, that only about ten dollars were added to the expenditure, and certainly one hundred per cent. to my personal comfort. In looking over the corrected list, I did not see the table-cloths down, which Mrs. Case had mentioned.

I made no remark about it, but some time after, when my things arrived, it was explained by my receiving two nice ones, which she had sent me from her own store.

"Don't you want a dog?" asked Case. "I think you ought to have a dog."

"And a cat," said his wife.

"I have no objections to either. I believe animals are good company. Robinson Crusoe thought so."

"I will let you have one of my pups," said Case; "it is the famous wolf breed."

"And I shall give you one of my Maltese kittens," added his wife.

"Bravo; I shall start ready furnished with companions."

I had already noticed this "pup." He was three or four months old, of a savage brindle color, large, well-built, with most expressive eyes—a very formidable-looking animal he would be when he had his growth. The pup's name was Pluto. The slut was the most hideous-looking animal I ever saw, and was called Hecate. She was large and fierce, and during the time I was with Case I tried in vain to ingratiate myself in her good will. She would not snap or even growl at me; she was too well-bred for that, considering I was a guest in her master's house; but whenever I made the least attempt to conciliate her she would look at me steadily, and curl her mouth ominously, so as to display a double row of fine teeth, and four long sharp-pointed fangs.

"Yes," said Case, "you will need a dog. We not only don't bolt doors here, but in the summer nights they stand wide open. You may be sure Pluto will give you notice of any fresh arrivals."

The next morning, according to arrangement, I returned to Miller's. I cannot express how gratified I felt at the cordial manner in which I was greeted by Miller and his wife. It seemed as if they had known me all my life, and that I had been away from them a year.

"Well," said Mrs. Miller, "it begins to seem as if we were going to have a neighborhood, now Mr. Ferris has come back."

"That's a fact, Mary Ann," said her husband. "We shall have a right smart chance of lively times."

"Do you know," said I, very gravely, "that I have one very serious objection to make to my ranch, which may prevent my completing my purchase?"

"Good Lord, you don't say so!" exclaimed Miller.

"I do, indeed. Diana told me the 'big black devil' lives down in the cellar, and three haunted devils live with the 'big black devil.' I am afraid this is more than I can stand."

Miller laughed long and heartily, his wife laughed, too, and presently I joined in myself.

In the midst of this noisy demonstration Diana put her woolly head in the room, and without the slightest idea of what moved us to such unseemly mirth, she incontinently commenced on her own account—an obstreperous quartette indeed!

Miller first recovered. "Diana," he said, sternly, "you must go straight over and clean out the cellar at the Englishman's Nose."

"Good gracious, Massa Miller, you knows very well this nigger wouldn't set foot in the cellar for the whole of Bosque County?"

"Not if Mr. Ferris goes with you, Diana?"

"Mr. Ferris don't know what I knows, Massa Miller."

"Well, Diana, perhaps I will go myself," said Miller, "and we will all three make a clean sweep of them devils. Won't that do?"

With that Diana was dismissed, in great excitement, while Miller proceeded to explain to me that he had purposely circulated these desperate reports about the old Englishman's ranch, to prevent depredations on it. "Otherwise," he added, "not one log of the building would have been left in its place!"

## IN THE HONEYMOON.

"O WORLD! I've tried thee and I tire;  
Thy pleasures are but future pain;  
Though much is good that we desire—  
Nothing is good that we attain!"

My love looked o'er my shoulder—  
Inquisitive beholder—

As thus I wrote and thought,  
And said, "False rhymers, over free,  
Is this your verdict upon me,  
Despised as soon as caught?"

Lovers, ye know the answer due!  
But quick as thought, her fingers flew  
O'er cheeks and ears like bolt from quiver,  
And slew the kiss I meant to give her.

## Preparations for the Hair— Golden Hues.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M. D.

THE world is subject to man. Man is subject to the rule of woman. The women are under the domination of fashion. Fashion yields to nothing but youth and beauty. Youth and beauty acknowledge nothing more desirable than themselves, except sometimes health and life. When fashion and health are antagonistic, the former requires the most irrefragable proof, and when thoroughly convinced, then—it won't yield, unless, indeed, when the ill result follows so instantaneously on the heels of the former as to trip up the devotee of fashion.

The pre-adamite condition of the human race was called nature. Some slight traces of it is still seen in localities where telegraphs, railroads, and steam conveyances generally are unknown. Some portions of the human body have been left in a state of nature. Till quite recently the hair was left as God made it. Fashion has gradually brought this outpost under its sway, and the human head bows under the yoke of the conqueror.

First we had hoary age becoming ashamed of itself, and wigs, and scratches, and toupees, and false puffs, frizzettes and curls, concealed Time's destruction. Next came hair dyes, prepared with more or less care, and old bucks and belles astounded the community with purple-hued locks, shading in the sunlight into various rainbow tints. Now, however, our old friends gradually change from the gristle of boyhood to the grizzle of middle-life, and, presto! change between one day and the next to most wondrous jetty hair and whiskers.

Ask of Chevalier, and Batchelor, and dozens of other less careful makers of hair-dyes, to explain these sudden metamorphoses.

These preparations are variously compounded. The most celebrated of the older ones was called after a distinguished general in our Mexican war, "Twigg's Hair Dye." It was composed of sugar of lead and flowers of sulphur. It was a slight improvement over the old lead comb of our ancestors. It was a dirty application, filling the pores of the whole face with a visibly black secretion, and generally injuring the complexion. In certain constitutions, unusually susceptible to lead poisoning, the injurious effects are noticeable not only in neuralgia of the face, but also, though more rarely, in colics and gastric disturbances.

Batchelor's and Chevalier's hair-dyes, and a dozen others, although these are in highest repute, are composed of nitrate of silver and gallic acid. These are of various strengths. The less powerful produce a brown color, which, by frequent repetition, will produce a dark hue as required, unto the jet black, which is so evidently a dye, as seen on some.

United with these are variously capsicum, cantharides and other stimulants for the skin, and hair bulbs. The purple hue which is sometimes so offensively apparent is owing either to the preparation being carelessly mixed or improperly applied. It is entirely unnecessary, and does not add to the personal attractions of the wearer.

These preparations have only a local effect, and consequently produce no deleterious constitutional result upon those employing them.

There has recently been introduced a new method of making this application, by means of what is called a "Magic Comb." This comb has the teeth of one side smeared with a preparation of nitrate of silver, and the other with pyrogallie acid, or some equivalent, which makes a mordant. The directions are to wash the hair perfectly clean, and then, while moist, to comb it through with each side of the comb alternately. It makes a very imperfect application, and the disagreeable purple hue already alluded to. Some of the combs sold under this name are simply lead combs.

There are a large number of dirty, sticky messes called bandolines, curling, hair-dressings, etc. These are composed of various ingredients of the same general character. The most popular dressings are of glycerine, and contain a larger or smaller quantity of lead and sulphur, and thus have all the effects, good and bad, of these ingredients, already spoken of. Bandolines and curlings are composed of solutions of various gums, the best of which are made of gum-tragacanth, or guinea seeds, with a proper admixture of oils, sugar, perfume, etc. Excepting the sulphur and lead, there is nothing injurious in these applications.

Hair oils of various names—rose, macassar—are all made of bland oils, such as the olive, almond, purified lard oil, variously mixed, sometimes with glycerine; variously colored, with alkaneto root, cochineal, carmine, etc., and perfumed as desired. Pomades used for dressing the hair are made of any fats—beef marrow, or suet, mutton tallow, hog's lard, etc., thickened with wax, and perfumed to the taste. Stick pomade, for coloring as well as dressing, has a larger quantity of wax, and, to produce a brown color, burnt umber; to produce black, lampblack. The nicety of these depends upon the carefulness and conscience of the fabrica-

tor. If he uses healthy fats, there can be no harm done. If, however, as sometimes alleged of some celebrated foreign pomades, they are composed of fat from the dead horses, dogs, cats and other offal of Paris, then attention should be paid as to what we put upon ourselves, and which by absorption may produce disease in ourselves.

But the grand attraction of the hair is not in glossy ringlets or plaited bands, but in the blonde tresses, which are the envy of many, and which threaten ere long to be universal. And why not? It surely is no more absurd than that every one should wear powder in their hair, or for men to tie them into a queue. There is but one query to be made. Is it physically injurious? Ay, one more query. What does it cost?

There is, indeed, a question of no importance; it is only a matter of curiosity. No women want to know, and only a few men of a scientific turn; viz., "What is it composed of?" I am going to tell you all about it. The grand dye, which is used by Lydia Thompson, and Weber, and Mrs. Barney Williams, and Mrs. Sheridan Shook, and Mrs. Florence?

Yes, *Imprimis*. This preparation is not a dye at all. Its properties are only bleaching ones. It simply takes out the color which is in the hair, and leaves it with less, or none at all. That used in this city and in most repute is imported from Paris by J. C. Rushton, Broadway and 27th street, and is called Robare's Aureoline, and is sold at \$8 per bottle; another preparation, said to be much weaker, is called Auricomus, or Golden Fluid, and is \$15 for a bottle of about the same size. These preparations are claimed to be secret, but are reported to be composed of chlorine and sulphate of cadmium in solution.

Whatever these may be, the true chemical foundation of them is the peroxid of hydrogen, which may be obtained as well from barium, strontium, as from cadmium, and without the direct addition of chlorine, except that necessarily developed in this chemical manipulation.

As I have said, this is a simple bleaching of the hair. All that is necessary is to carefully wash the hair, free it from all grease, especially of those bandolines containing lead or sulphur; then moisten the hair thoroughly with the fluid, and allow it to dry of itself without hurrying it. Several applications will be necessary, according to the original color of the hair, black hair requiring some two bottles of Robare's Aureoline, light hair but one. Some days are often also necessary to attain the desired result. If too much is used, the hair will become perfectly white like silver, especially if sulphur and lead are on the hair. As the hair grows, it will grow out of the original hue, and every week or two it will be required to wet the roots afresh.

It is stated that the Auricomus will not dye dead hair, and that false hair cannot thus be made to match the natural hair. Of this I do not know, but a solution of the peroxid of hydrogen will bleach anything—wool, feathers, hair, alive or dead.

There is little probability that this fluid will become much cheaper. Barium is some fifteen dollars per pound, and little, if any, to be had in New York. More than this, the making requires very delicate manipulation, and there is great difficulty in making it perfectly pure.

As a matter of health, there is no danger to be apprehended from its use. The ingredients are physically innocuous, and may even in many diseases be taken into the stomach with decided benefit.

Its effects on the hair are more apparent, rendering it brittle and somewhat injuring its vigor, but not very materially. Some having used it for a prolonged period, declare that they can see no injury resulting therefrom. Still it is but reasonable to suppose that so great a change in the essential elements of the hair must produce some, even if slight, detriment.

The older poets related that

Beauty leads us with a single hair."

Now-a-days it takes a whole head, and that, too, of a very peculiar color.

The votaries of fashion are to be congratulated that they may now be ultra stylish, and yet outrage none of the laws of health. At most, they will run a risk of injuring their hair, but this will grow again, and they can enjoy the supreme luxuries of being gazed at through opera glasses, followed home from their shopping excursions by pimps and puppies, and delight themselves with the knowledge that these charming specimens of manhood are discussing the question whether they may not be some public character more notorious than notable, with delicious queries: "Don't you think she's fast?" "Ain't she stunning?" and the wise and prudent looking on, resolve with themselves about Sorosis and this kind of Sis, and of enlarging woman's sphere, and the ballot, and the ballot, and the South Carolina Legislature, and Chinamen's naturalization, and Erie, and the New Court House, and—"What are we coming to?"

**THE PROFITS OF GERMAN GAMBLING HOUSES.**  
—According to some calculations which have been sent us by a correspondent in Germany, the average winnings of the gambling-houses of Ems, Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Naumheim have amounted since 1860 to an annual grand total of 17,000,000 francs (\$3,400,000). Of this sum Homburg, where play goes on all the year round, excepting Sundays and fete days (giving a total of about 3,600 plays per hour per annum), is credited with the largest share. The single zero at roulette gives the bank the certainty in the long run of winning once in 37 coups half the money down. The half *refait* at *rouge et noir* tells still more against the player. At Ems, where two zeroes and a full *refait* are in vogue, the advantage of the bank is, of course, doubled. Making due allowance for the possession of capital infinitely greater than that of any single player, and the power of limiting the sum allowed to be staked to an amount which precludes the possibility of playing on the doubling system, known as a *martingale*, the advantage of the banks over the player may be stated at 4 per cent. This, by a simple rule-of-three sum, leads to the startling conclusion that 425,000,000 francs, or \$85,000,000, are yearly staked in German halls, of which sum \$2,400,000 becomes the certain prey of Messrs. Blanc, Bonaparte & Co.





Boston Common.

Charles Street.

Greenhouse.

New Bridge.

Dr. G.

THE PUBLIC GARDEN, BOSTON, MASS.—VIEW FROM THE CORNER OF CHARLES STREET AND BEACON STREET.



Arlington Street.

New Bridge.

THE PUBLIC GARDEN, BOSTON, MASS.—VIEW FROM THE CORNER OF ARLINGTON STREET AND BOYLSTON STREET.

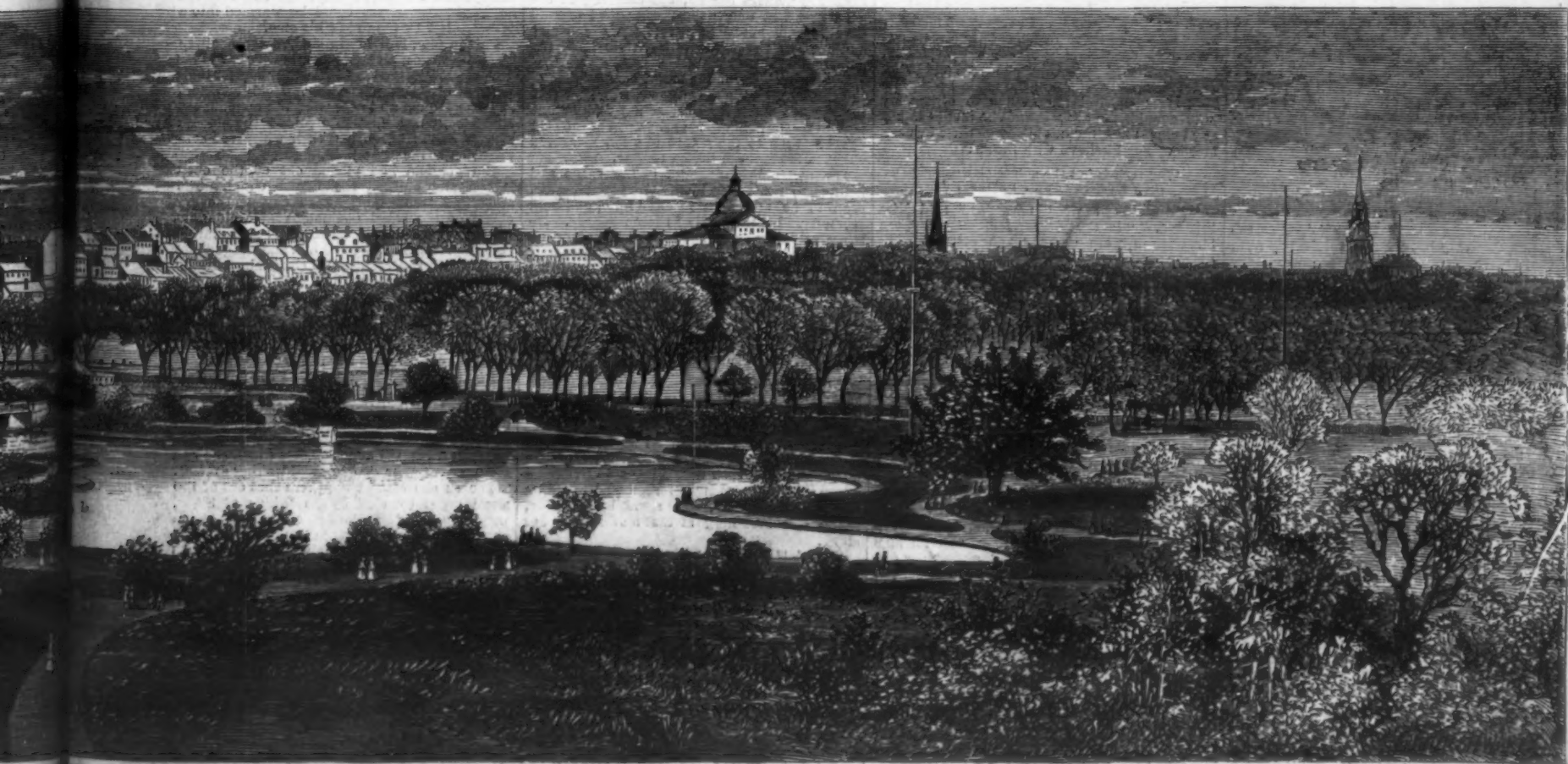




OF CHAN BEACON STREETS, LOOKING SOUTH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIFFLE.—SEE PAGE 195.

Commonwealth Ave.

Beacon Street.



ARL BOYLSTON STREETS, LOOKING NORTH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIFFLE.—SEE PAGE 195.

State House.

Somerset Street Church.

Park Street Church.



## THROWING STONES IN THE SEA.

We sat at the shore at Shanklin,  
Howard, and Smith, and I;  
Smith was smoking, I was thinking,  
Howard was idling by.  
He took a stone and tossed it  
Carelessly into the sea;  
And then another, again another,  
And sometimes two or three.

"What are you doing, Howard?"  
"I'm losing my money again—  
This little pebble's a thousand  
I dropped in that scheme in Spain.  
This is a larger venture  
That in the Fisheries sank,  
And this is more than I like to tell—  
Swallowed in Dodge's Bank."

"This is a newspaper, vanished,  
With thrice a thousand at least;  
And this is a project, fair to study,  
For making champagne from yeast.  
This is a stone—prayer watch it;  
Ten thousand fully told,  
For converting old shoes to sugar,  
And turning flint to gold!"

And still he kept throwing, throwing  
The stones into the sea.

"Howard! your losses grieve you!"  
"The devil a bit," quoth he;  
"But if I don't grow wiser  
Next time that cash runs riot,  
I'll either drown or hang myself  
To keep my guineas quiet."

ASKAROS KASSIS,  
THE COPT.

## A ROMANCE OF MODERN EGYPT.

BY EDWIN DE LEON.

LATE U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

## CHAPTER XXII.—THE BRIDE OF THE SEA.

BEAUTIFUL art thou still, O sad city! that  
sittest by the sea, like another Niope weeping  
for thy children and for thy glories, which have  
vanished and return not.

Lovely in thy weeds of widowhood, with thy  
marble palaces crumbling to decay; thy black  
hairs like gondolas gliding over slimy and al-  
most deserted waters; thy women all in  
mourning; the best and bravest of thy sons  
eating the bitter bread of exile, or vainly striv-  
ing to break the chains which fetter limbs and  
soul; lovely in spite of these, in thy hectic glow  
of decline, like a fair consumptive, art thou  
still, O Venice!

The scene shifts from the sands of the desert  
and the black tents of the Bedouins, to the old  
city of the Doges, where the lion of St. Mark's  
crouches under the Austrian eagle, and the  
steeds of brass, glittering in the sun, have suc-  
cumbed to a stronger than Doria, and are  
bridled at last.

It was at a period when the Austrian rule  
seemed more firmly fastened on Venice than  
ever; and when her government seemed  
crushed out of nationality into a military dis-  
trict upheld by the bayonets of a foreign sol-  
dierly: while her people, broken in fortune and  
bankrupt of hope, sullenly and sadly submitted  
to a doom they were powerless to avert. Sad-  
dest spectacle under the sun is such a contrast:  
where the gifts of Nature, and the prodigal pro-  
fusion with which she had endowed both place  
and people—bathed in the brightest sunlight  
under the bluest of skies—are all rendered  
sources not of pleasure, but of pain, by the  
cruelty of a conqueror.

Such was Venice in the early winter of 1854,  
when a party of foreigners, lodging in one of  
the palaces overlooking the grand lagoon, were  
passing a season there; gliding over her silent  
canals in the noiseless gondola, and visiting her  
sad old churches and the palaces of her doges  
and princes, with their rare wealth of pictures  
by the old masters, still the attraction and the  
charm which invite and keep the stranger spell-  
bound in that city of the dead.

They are old friends of ours, these foreigners,  
whom we have met in Cairo and up the Nile;  
and few changes have taken place in their ap-  
pearance or outward seeming, drifting as they  
have all been upon the smooth tides of a sum-  
mer sea, and only seeking pleasure in novel ex-  
citements, as they have rambled leisurely from  
place to place.

Old Van Camp looks as rotund and as ruddy  
and placid as ever; the chaste Priscilla as an-  
gular in face and form, and equally dissatisfied.  
The younger Van Camp is fearfully and wonder-  
fully arrayed in the most exaggerated of Eng-  
lish traveling costumes, made of the coarsest  
tweed stuff, of the loudest pattern; the short  
shooting-jacket with innumerable pockets, the  
tightest of pantaloons, and the most compli-  
cated straps of leather crossing and recross-  
ing themselves over his manly chest: with a  
small Scotch cap with silver thistle in its side,  
not sheltering a nose grown ruddy and swollen  
from exposure to the sun.

Sir Charles is with the party, and to an ob-  
servant eye there is a change in him, slight per-  
haps, but perceptible. The reckless careles-  
ness of his manner, and the abrupt oddity of  
his speech, have been succeeded by a measured  
formality of carriage and address. He is stiffer  
and colder than formerly, and talks less. His  
old humor seems to have deserted him, with  
his accession to his new title—for his father  
was dead, and he is now a peer of Great Britain.  
There is a look almost of anxiety or trouble on  
his brow, which destroys the frank open ex-  
pression it used to wear. Upon the whole, he  
looks like a man who has some secret care  
weighing upon his mind, which he cannot, or  
will not divulge, and which gnaws him se-  
cretly, as the concealed fox did the Spartan  
in the old story.

Over Edith, too, there has come a change  
somewhat similar to that observable in her af-  
fiance; though she looks almost as fresh and  
fair as when we last saw her. She has appar-  
ently, at one step, passed from a careless  
laughing girl into a quiet serious woman, and  
her smile has lost its great charm, of irradiat-  
ing the whole face like a sunbeam when it  
broke forth. She looks blasé and careless pre-  
maturely, and the eager interest she formerly  
manifested at all novel sights, has been suc-  
ceeded by a polite indifference which does  
not seem natural to her. She has become in  
those few months a more thoughtful and more  
elegant woman, and the most fastidious critic  
could find nothing to cavil at in her cold calm  
manner and speech; but the gush of youthful  
impulse which had seemed to bubble up from  
her fresh nature before, as from a pure well-  
spring, has vanished entirely, and her manner  
is as composed as that of a woman of middle  
age. Whether this change was agreeable or  
acceptable to her affianced lover was impossible  
to say, for their intercourse was as constrained  
and guarded now as the most rigid spinster or  
dowager could have desired. But the pleasure  
of Sir Charles in her presence did not seem so  
great, nor his own manner so enthusiastic as it  
had been on that memorable evening among  
the ruins of Luxor, when he declared his pas-  
sion, nor after their first reunion in Europe.  
The cloud had risen so imperceptibly and so  
gradually, that, until it hung like a chilly veil  
between them, neither of them could have ex-  
plained how or whence it first arose.

They were both painfully conscious of it,  
however, though each strove to hide that con-  
sciousness from the other and from themselves,  
for the conditional engagement was now under-  
stood to be a positive one, to be consummated  
the ensuing winter, with the approval of all  
parties.

Miss Priscilla Primmins was much pleased with  
what she deemed the great improvement in the  
manners both of Sir Charles and her niece: and  
was loud in her eulogiums thereupon, very lit-  
tle to the satisfaction of the latter, to whom  
she confided her opinions.

"Did you ever see such an improvement,  
my dear, in any man's manner as in Sir  
Charles's?" she would cry out enthusiastically,  
after he had been especially serious and silent  
during the visit he seemed to think it his daily  
duty to make formally—having some near re-  
latives, stopping at another hotel, where he was  
quartered.

"I can scarcely believe he is the same  
rattle-cap who used to talk so much nonsense,  
and be actually so rude to me sometimes at  
Cairo! Why, he is as sedate now, and as sen-  
sible as your father. It is wonderful how trav-  
eling does improve one! Don't you think so,  
Edith?"

The girl, thus appealed to, would vaguely  
murmur out her assent, and the spinster would  
continue:

"And I notice the same thing in you too,  
my dear. You used to be a tiresome little chit,  
as full of frolic and fun as a kitten, and quite  
as mischievous; but now you really look and  
act as Lady Aylmer ought to do! and one would  
suppose from your dignified manner you  
had passed a season in London already, been  
presented at Court, and lived among lords and  
ladies all your life. I never did see so great a  
change in so short a time! But I begin to  
fear, my child, that your new rank will turn  
your head, and you will be ashamed of your  
untitled relations, and very naturally too! Per-  
haps I would feel the same were I in your  
place: for I am not a fashionable woman, and  
your brother is certainly not presentable in  
high circles. He does 'get himself up,' as he  
calls it, in such a wonderful way—looking for  
all the world like a gentleman's groom, or a  
sporting character."

"Oh! aunt, how can you talk so?" replied  
Edith, tears of vexation rising up into her blue  
eyes. "Indeed you make a very great mistake.  
I have none of those feelings, but quite the re-  
verse. I do wish," she added, vehemently,  
"there were no such things as lords and ladies  
and titles and fashion in the world! for while  
they seem of vital importance to others, my  
poor republican head cannot be taught to put  
any value upon them, outside of their owner's  
merits. For I believe with Burns:

'The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that!'"

"Holy toity! what nonsense," said Miss  
Priscilla. "Is the girl distracted? Suppose  
Sir Charles were to hear you uttering such  
vulgar sentiments? They will do very well in  
America, my dear, where, by-the-by, we never  
practice them in our best society; but here in  
Europe they are low, absolutely low!" and the  
spinster made a wry face, as though compelled  
to swallow some nauseous mixture. "My dearest  
Edith, pray do not talk in that wild way. I say  
again, suppose Sir Charles were to hear you,  
what would he think?"

"Well," said Edith with some spirit, for her  
temper was unequal now, not even as formerly  
—"well! suppose Sir Charles should? what  
then? Is a woman supposed to sacrifice utterly  
all her own thoughts and feelings to the man  
she marries—or rather, that her friends marry  
her to—and become a mere echo of his ideas  
and opinions? Sir Charles knows I was neither  
born nor bred an aristocrat, and there are  
many points on which our views and feelings  
are totally dissimilar, I might almost say dis-  
cordant. He has been educated in one school,  
and I in another."

"Very true, my child; but you will very  
soon adapt yourself to your new sphere, for you  
have quite the 'air-noble' already. How do  
you like Lady Jane Houghtonville and her  
daughter, his cousins, who are staying at  
Danieli Hotel with him?"

"Not at all!" said Edith, promptly; "I think  
them both very impertinent: and I do not know  
which I dislike most, the patronizing conde-  
scension of the mother, or the frigid insolence  
of the daughter! If they are a fair sample of

Sir Charles's relations, I fear we shall not agree  
very well. He seems to think them perfection,  
and was speaking only yesterday of Lady Jane  
as a perfect model for imitation, and how fortu-  
nate it was for a daughter to have such a mo-  
ther. I had to bite my lips, for fear of saying  
something rude."

"Well, my dear, we should call her 'stuck  
up' in Boston, that is a fact; but she is a wo-  
man of title you know—granddaughter of Lord  
Bareacres and niece of Lord Squander; so, be-  
ing so highly connected, she is naturally proud,  
and puts on airs, as everybody would. She never  
seems to see me at all, and has never uttered a  
syllable to me since we first met; but she is a  
very ladylike person—when she chooses to be,"  
added Miss Priscilla, sotto voce, determined not  
to encourage her niece in the ideas she saw fer-  
menting in her mind.

For Miss Priscilla had made up her mind that  
the match with Sir Charles was a great thing;  
and obstinately closed her eyes, and sought  
also to shut Edith's, to everything which was  
not "couleur de rose" in regard to it.

This conversation, which was only one of  
many similar ones, will show the nature of the  
cloud which had been gradually rising between  
the two affianced; composed, it is true, of light  
floating vapors and small discords, yet gradu-  
ally gaining shape and consistency, until it  
opposed a veil between them, and made  
their intercourse far more awkward and con-  
strained than it should have been under the  
circumstances. In fact, the first romance sub-  
siding into a less bewildering sentiment, Sir  
Charles soon saw that on many points, not only  
of taste but of feeling, his ideas and those of  
the American girl were not congenial, espe-  
cially in the matter of social distinction, and the  
deference to be paid to rank and position, on  
which he laid great stress. Edith differed en-  
tirely from him, and seemed to take a pleasure  
in asserting that difference, both by word and  
action, toward the titled relatives with whom  
he was traveling, and whom he relied on to in-  
troduce and pioneer the future Lady Aylmer on  
her introduction into "society," by which both  
he and they meant the *élite* of the London  
world only. The rest of mankind, resting out-  
side of the charmed circle, being regarded as  
"people nobody knows."

Matters stood in this uneasy condition, when  
an excursion was proposed one day, to visit  
some of the famous glass factories on the op-  
posite side of the lagoons, which Sir Charles vol-  
unteered to accompany, without his female  
relatives.

They took a gondola on the Grand Canal;  
and the two gondoliers in their picturesque cos-  
tumes—one standing just on the front of the  
cabin, the other at the sharp stern of the boat  
—rowed swiftly on past marble palaces, crum-  
bling to decay, untenanted now many of them  
save by bats or owls, and others serving as  
barracks for Austrian soldiers, whose white  
uniforms were hung out, in lieu of draperies,  
from the wide windows, and who sat smoking  
their short pipes at the doorways or on the  
window-sills of palaces once tenanted by the  
Doges and Senators of Venice, the Dorias,  
Falleros, and others whose names are historical.

Yet the beauty of the site, and of the marble  
edifices which covered it, could not be wholly ob-  
scured by the brutalities of man, and the clear  
blue sky reflected in the rippling water, as they  
glided out into the lagoons, enhanced the pic-  
torial loveliness of the scene, when looking  
back upon it.

The party comprised only Mr. Van Camp and  
his sister-in-law, Edith and Sir Charles.

Twilight was setting in as they swung round  
in the gondola to return to the distant city,  
now dimly visible through the evening haze, as  
its lights began to twinkle like dim stars.

The sun had rushed to his rest, an orb  
of burning red, suddenly dipping down and  
disappearing behind the horizon—casting no  
lingering glances behind, but ushering in the  
evening all at once; the moon with its round  
silvery shield shedding its soft rays over water  
and sky, which alone were visible from the  
gondola.

The two elders of the party, complaining of  
the chilliness of the evening air, withdrew into  
the cabin, leaving Sir Charles and Edith alone  
together—the gondoliers at each end of the boat  
keeping time to their oars in a low measured  
chant in the musical Italian tongue.

The softening influences of the scene and  
hour were not unfelt by the two young hearts,  
soon to be united in so close a tie, and both  
seemed under the spell of their witchery. In-  
stinctively they drew nearer to each other, all  
their late coolness and reserve melting away.  
And as Sir Charles took the small hand that  
hung listlessly by the fair girl's side, he pressed  
it warmly in his own, and gazed fondly in her  
face, with all the fervor of a devoted lover. A  
chill shot through his heart, as with the unerr-  
ing instinct of true affection, he felt that there  
was no reciprocal ardor in the heart which  
seemed to flutter so wildly in the young girl's  
bosom, and that the pressure was not returned  
—nay, even the small soft hand half withdrawn  
from his own, by an impulse she could not  
control. The bright blue eyes were not turned  
toward his, under the silvery sheen of the  
moonlight, but cast down upon the rippling  
water; and her thoughts seemed wandering  
far away from him, who stood by her side,  
living and breathing at that moment for her  
alone.

"Edith!" he said, with tears in his voice—  
"dear Edith! for God's sake tell me what this  
means! How have I offended you, and what  
has wrought this change in your heart, that  
you treat me like a stranger—yes, more coldly  
than a stranger—and seem to recoil from my  
very touch? I have seen and felt this for some  
time past, and only forgot it for one brief rap-  
turous moment now, soon to be recalled more  
painfully to the truth. Have I, then, grown re-  
pulsive to you? for God's sake tell me, before it  
is too late!"

The impassioned and earnest tone in which  
her companion spoke, roused the young girl

from her reverie. She breathed a deep sigh, as  
though suddenly recalled to the fact of her  
lover's presence, and tears rose to her eyes as  
she answered:

"Indeed, Sir Charles, you do me and yourself  
an injustice. You are very far indeed from  
being repulsive to me, for I respect and admire  
you as much as ever, and would not wound you  
for the world! I am indignant with myself  
that I cannot make a warmer return for your  
affection; but I begin to fear it is my nature—for  
I must tell you the truth—that I do not and can-  
not love you as I know you deserve to be loved,  
and as my heart tells me I ought to love you! It  
would be dishonorable in me to deceive a  
heart so noble, and so loyal as yours; and I tell  
you, with mortification and pain and shame for  
my own cold heart, that what I have dreamed  
of love, but never felt, is far different from the  
feeling entertained for you. I honor, esteem,  
respect you! I look up to you for guidance,  
and entrust my future fearlessly to your keep-  
ing; but I would deceive you, did I tell you that  
my love for you, is the same as yours for me.  
Why this should be so I cannot tell; I only  
know such is the truth!"

Over the fair smooth brow of the English-  
man there seemed to pass a spasm of deadly  
pain; and she felt a shuddering thrill shake the  
strong hand that still held hers. Then that  
hand closed convulsively on hers with a clasp  
which was painful, and turning his face toward  
her, he pleaded his cause, with all the fervor of  
a strong nature habitually kept under control,  
but sweeping everything before it when once  
unrestrained.

"Edith!" he said, "when I unsealed my  
heart to you, sitting amidst those ruins at  
Luxor, and obtained from your virgin lips the  
confession that you were not indifferent to me,  
I felt that it was all, and more, than I had the  
right to ask, on the first avowal of my passion! But  
now, after long months of intimate ac-  
quaintance, when we know each other better—  
when our troth is plighted—such cold measured  
words as those you have just uttered, cut me to  
the heart. They prove that the love I feel for  
you is not shared—that my affection is not re-  
turned—and that, rich as I have grown in  
worldly goods, I am a pauper in what I prize  
more—and that you can give me your esteem,  
but not the love which alone is life to me!"

"Oh, Edith! think well ere you reject the  
priceless wealth of such an affection as mine,  
and cause it to wither and die for the want of  
the sunshine of a look or word of yours. Not  
twice in a lifetime is a love, so deep and devoted  
as mine, tendered to any woman: and I know  
you too well to believe that you would be the  
wife of any man you did not love. What is my  
fault? Tell me, that I may amend it. In what  
have I been wanting, that you have cooled thus  
in your treatment of me? Tell me, that I may  
repair it. But, oh, Edith! dear to me now as  
ever, in spite of this mortal chill which strikes  
to my heart at your avowal—be not so cruel, so  
pitiless! No longer be an image of snow,  
but a woman: and reciprocate an affection  
which will make the happiness of two lives per-  
fect."

To this impassioned pleading of her lover  
Edith knew not what to reply. She felt the  
force and truth of what he had said: and she  
felt also keenly the ingratitude she manifested  
toward this heart, so noble, so loyal, so gener-  
ous even in its pain. She felt her own heart  
softening toward him, more than it had done  
for many months, and mistook the sentiment of  
sympathy, or of pity, for that of love, which  
it no more resembles than the moonlight does  
the sunlight. So she replied in a softer and  
more sympathetic tone to her lover's appeal,  
and recanted more of her avowals than the  
truth warranted, under that impulse; leaving  
him, although not completely satisfied, yet par-  
tially convinced that she had spoken more  
coldly than she felt, and that the affection she  
entertained for him, though not so fervent as  
he might desire, yet could be warmed into a  
greater glow by the fire of his own.

Half in pity, half in gratified vanity, she was  
listening with a pleased and attentive ear to his  
fervent protestations, and glowing plans for their  
future, when the gondola was suddenly arrested,  
and she looked up to see what the impediment  
might be, which had interrupted the smooth  
motion of the barge, and their whispered con-  
versation at the same time.

The gondola had passed out of the open  
lagoon and entered the Grand Canal. The  
moonlight was as bright as day, and every  
object on the canal distinctly visible along its  
whole length—the black shadows of the marble  
palace on its banks, the column, and winged lion  
of St. Mark, reflected in the clear mirror of the  
limpid waters—producing the effect of a double  
Venice—while from time to time floated on the  
air snatches of melodies of Tasso's verse,  
breathed by the lips of the gondoliers, coming  
mellowed by distance over the waters, like  
echoes from pleasant memories of the past.

Edith looked up suddenly, as the gondoliers  
backed water with their oars, and after a slight  
shock—as though the gondola had grazed an-  
other—the bark floated like a swan on the water,  
and she saw the face and form she least expected  
to see at that place and time, but which she had  
often seen in her sleeping and waking dreams.

For as she looked up, there stood out of the  
small canal spanned by the Bridge of Sighs,  
with its palace and prison on either hand, which  
runs at right angles to the Grand Canal, a small  
gondola, so rapidly propelled by its careless  
gondolier, that its sharp prow seemed threaten-  
ing to cut right into the broadside of the one, in  
which the young maiden was listening to a  
love-tale, newer and fresher, if not so rhythm-  
ical as those of Tasso—and told in another  
tongue.

The rapid backward movement of the gondo-  
liers alone saved the collision; and as the smaller  
gondola shot across the Grand Canal, just grazing  
the prow of the larger, a form rose from the  
seat outside the cabin, and gazed eagerly into  
the other boat. And the eyes of Edith and  
of Askaros met once more! those of the former



full of wonder and surprise—those of the other filling their dark lustrous orbs with a light more difficult to define, in which rapture and pain seemed strangely blended!

It was but an instantaneous flash of recognition; and the light gondola, propelled by the vigorous arm of the single gondolier, shot with arrowy speed down the canal, in the direction from which the larger had just come, and turning into another small canal, was lost to view.

The quick eye of Sir Charles had also recognized an acquaintance, and he turned in surprise to Edith:

"Why, there is our young Egyptian prince!" he said, "or his ghost; although he wears the European dress now, and devilish well he looks in it too; though thinner than in his bags. Who would have expected to meet him here, after so unceremoniously cutting us all in Cairo, as he did. You know I tried my best to fish him up when we came down the Nile: but the old house was empty when I went there—all the family away—and our dragoman told us they had all gone away somewhere. By Jove! I must fish him up to-morrow; for he really is the most civilized Eastern I have ever met. He came pretty near giving us another upset with that careless gondolier of his, though!"

Edith murmured something in reply, but complained of the chilliness of the night air, and joined her father and aunt in the cabin, whither Sir Charles reluctantly followed; and the interrupted conversation was not resumed, as they soon reached their residence in the Palazzo, which was their temporary home, and spent the evening at the theatre of San Felice.

Edith retired to her rest that night with a troubled brow, and a more agitated heart. As she disrobed herself, and laid aside the jewels she had worn at the opera-house, she murmured to herself:

"Does it not seem like a fatality, the perpetual apparition of that man! as though he *did* possess the magic carpet of the Persian prince, and could transport himself at will, as I once jestingly declared he might. How strangely does he seem wound up with the thread of my life! And how wondrous and worn he looked in the moonlight! like one who had suffered much in mind and body since we met, so many months ago, in that mysterious land of his, where everything seems supernatural."

Smiling at her own fancies, she stepped to the window overlooking the Grand Canal, through which the bright moonlight streamed with a brightness like that of day, and waving her hand theatrically, exclaimed, laughingly:

"If truly thou art Haroun-el-Reschid, I summon thee by this spell to appear!"

As though in answer to the invocation, round the corner of the palace, from the small canal, there shot out a light gondola; and standing on the deck, leaning against the cabin, in the full light of the moon, she saw again the face and form of him she had summoned! But he saw her not; his eyes were fixed on the distant stars, and the gondola glided so swiftly past that she had scarcely seen him ere he had vanished again. With a superstitious thrill of terror, the maiden shivered as though with cold, and she withdrew from the casement, and with a troubled mind and heart sought her couch, to be haunted with the wildest dreams, in which she could trace only one actual figure—that of the mysterious and omnipresent Egyptian.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—MOUSSA-BEN-ISRAEL.

A FEW weeks after the interview between the Viceroy and Daoud-ben-Youssef, when the farce of a judicial investigation into the accounts of the late Khasnadar, Askaros Effendi, had been gone into, and through the garbled accounts of his former Wakeel, Daoud, judgment had been rendered in favor of the Egyptian Government for several thousand purses, with heavy arrears of interest—amounting to a confiscation of the estate—the Syrian was again summoned into the Viceroy's presence.

He naturally supposed it was to receive the thanks; and the promised reward from the Viceroy, for the sessions of the Grand Meglis were secret, and his treachery to his former patron had been so adroitly veiled under the feigned fear and reluctance with which he had testified, having also made apparently so desperate an effort to conceal the account-books which compromised the Khasnadar, as to deceive all not in the secret. Those forged books, by an understanding with Mahmoud Bey, were stolen from the place where he had secreted them, by the old crone, his servant, and delivered up to the Meglis; so he considered himself safe from detection. He had even allowed himself to be imprisoned for several days, for refusing to divulge where those account-books were: and was only liberated when they had been found, as stated above.

For the sole restraint, the sole fear left to this subtle and reckless intriguer, who played with life and soul as a child with its toys—prized one moment, thrown away the next—was the dread of El Warda's discovery of his treachery; which he well knew she never would forgive. With that fear lost, like Satan, went all his fear. Great as was his avarice, vaulting as was his ambition, implacable as was his hate, the master-passion of his soul, perverted as it was, could be found in his affection for this gentle girl. So strange are the diversities of human character! so mysterious and inscrutable the workings of the human soul! If on the earth's wide surface there existed two beings, more utterly dissimilar in mind, heart and soul, than El Warda and Daoud—the one all light, the other all darkness—hard, indeed, would they be to find. Yet the strange attraction of opposites manifested itself here: overpoweringly in the case of the man, fitfully and feebly in that of the woman, whose purer nature recoiled instinctively from the occasional exhibitions of the darker soul of the Syrian.

With the haunting fear of detection set at rest, he cared for naught else; and it was,

therefore, with a light heart and a serene brow that he mounted his donkey, and set out for the Abassieh, to obey the Viceroy's summons.

While he was still on his way there, another had been ushered into the presence of the Viceroy, in secret audience: and that other was the venerable Israelite, Moussa-ben-Israel, who had also been peremptorily summoned to the palace of the Pasha, by an order he dared not disobey.

The old man, as he stood before Abbas, after prostrating himself in Oriental fashion, was not clad in the costly garments he had worn in his own house, when he had received the elder Askaros in his secret chamber.

He now wore the yellow cap and gabardine, distinctive of the Jew, and squalid poverty and misery were stamped upon his external man. Long years of pitiless persecution and ruthless cruelty, had taught his people to counteract the greed and grasping avarice of the Turk, by concealment of the wealth they coveted, and by a courage which, though passive, was none the less unflinching and heroic in its contempt of danger, torture and death. In the East that mysterious race—sole living link between Deity and man, through whom the rich heritage of salvation and the promises of God to man have been revealed in all ages—still present their peculiar characteristics: which in the West, by the attrition of intercourse and marriage with other races, are rapidly being obliterated.

Moussa-ben-Israel, as he rose up from his prostration before the Viceroy, presented that type of his tribe, when they sought to eke out the lion's skin with the fox's, and to oppose craft to cruelty: and his appearance and manner were by no means so prepossessing, as when in his own house he had welcomed his friend, and his true nature was free to exhibit itself. Then, his port and mien had been erect and fearless; now, the head was bowed, and he seemed like one bending under the burden of many years, as he stood with downcast eyes, and arms dropping nervelessly by his side, before the Viceroy, whose countenance wore its blackest aspect.

"Dog of a Yahudi!" was the Viceroy's salutation; "son of the stiff-necked race, whom Turk, Nazarene and Gentile equally hate and despise! I have permitted thy presence to pollute my palace, because I have some questions to ask of thee! Answer me truly, though thy tongue be so skilled in lying as to make it difficult: or I shall cause it to be plucked with red-hot pincers from thy blaspheming jaws. They tell me that if living man knows, thou knowest where the treasures of Askaros Khasnadar are concealed: and he was a defaulter to my Government, and seems to have taken all his wealth to the pit of Eblis with him when he died—for my people cannot find it. Thou alone knowest where it is hidden, and if thou wilt tell me"—said the Viceroy, suddenly changing his manner into one of patronizing kindness—"my gratitude shall richly recompense thee for the public service thou wilt have conferred." And he leaned forward on his divan, almost caressingly, toward the old man.

"Effendina!" replied the Jew, apparently much confused and astonished, and plucking nervously at his long snowy beard as he spoke, "you surely must be jesting with your poor servant. Does he look like a man?"—and he glanced at his soiled and worn gabardine—"apt to know of State secrets, or be entrusted with the hiding-place of concealed treasures? Surely my great lord amuses himself by mocking at the poor Hebrew, who served his grandsire!"

"Pig! Swine! Offspring of the thrice accursed race, which not only denies the true Prophet, but slew its own God!" shrieked Abbas, in a frenzy of rage. "It is *thou* that laughest at the beard of thy king and master. Answer my question, and answer it truly: or by the tomb of the Prophet, I will cause each separate hair of thy beard to be plucked out by pincers, and thine eyeballs to be seared with hot irons. Answer, dog! or prepare to meet the wrath of Abbas Pasha—for well do I know thou liest, and that the secret conveyance of the wealth of Askaros is well known to thee, as well as the place to which his son and daughter have fled!" And he clapped his hands sharply together.

"Send the man with the bowstring," he said to the attendant who came at the call. And a moment after a grim black Nubian, hideous in face and figure, with a knotted cord in his hand, entered, and, after prostrating himself, passed silently to the side of the old Hebrew, watching a signal from his master, then and there to strangle him.

But, instead of inspiring fear or abject humiliation, the insulting words of Abbas, and the presence of the hideous executioner of the will of the tyrant, seemed only to have infused new vigor and courage in the breast of the dauntless old man, whose manhood seemed to rekindle under the ashes of years at this trial.

The stubborn obduracy, the unflinching fortitude of his long-enduring race, seemed all concentrated in his person, in this crisis. He raised his head, and the grand old Jewish face, with its bold outline—nose curved like the eagle's beak, firm full lips, massive jaw, from which flowed, like floss silk, the snowy beard, falling upon the chest, and with the full bright eye, like an eagle's too, undimmed by age—elevated itself to a level with the cruel countenance of Abbas, as he sat on his divan, and thus the Hebrew spoke:

"Grandson of Mehemet All! who art now, by the will of God, Viceroy of Egypt, the sands of my life have already run too low, and the time of my departure is already too near, in the course of nature, for thy threats to terrify me, or to extort aught from my lips, which I wish not to tell. I am older than thy grandsire would have been were he now alive! Respect that age, if thou respectest naught else. Speak to me like a human being, and not as to a dog, and I may tell thee, not all thou askest, for I cannot tell what I do not know, but much which it may profit thee to hear. Now, dismiss that creature with the cord, for only

cowards speak under such compulsion, and lie when they speak. From the lips of Moussa-ben-Israel a lie never came, nor fear to his soul, except of Jehovah Jireh alone! While that Nubian stands there this tongue is mute. Thou canst cause it to be torn with pincers from this mouth: but thou canst not compel it to speak. I swear to thee! O Abbas! by the great Jehovah whom alone I worship, that thou never shalt learn from me what alone I know—except on the conditions I have named, and one other condition: that I shall be permitted to depart in peace, when I have spoken. Swear this to me by the tomb of the Prophet, or work thy will, and see me die in silence, my secret unrevealed. I have spoken!"

The old man ceased—his bent form erect for the moment with the vigor of youth; his dark eye flashing; his breast heaving—confronting Abbas with a pride greater than his own.

The first emotion of the Viceroy at seeing one whom he considered, with the prejudice of his bigoted nature, as utterly destitute of courage or principle, rise to the full majesty of outraged manhood, and defy death, torture, and his wrath, which all his subjects knew was deadly, was one of utter amazement. He listened in mute surprise, which was converted into reluctant admiration as the old man proceeded.

When his voice ceased, Abbas drew a long breath, and spoke, as to himself:

"And this man is a Yahudi!" "Ay! Effendina! a Hebrew of the Hebrews! by blood, faith and training! One of that race thou hast been taught to despise; but who are men, even as are Mussulman and Nazarene, and in whom persecution, like a furnace seven times heated, for generation after generation, hath developed a strength of will, a quickness of intellect, and a pertinacity of purpose, which a softer training would never have produced, and which have made that scattered race—a nation no longer—a power over the whole earth."

"Hearken unto me! O Viceroy! In that great book of faith which thy Prophet revered, and from which he drew many of his precepts and his laws for Islam, thou mayst read how Jehovah never failed to protect his chosen people against the Pharaohs, and other kings of Egypt, who sought to harm them. Effendina, thou hast drank of the waters of the *Ain-el-Moussa* (Well of Moses), near Suez, and the Mollahs have told thee the story of that persecution of my people, and how it ended. *Thotmes* was a mighty king, and *Moussa* but a poor Hebrew; yet look how Jehovah weighed the one against the other? Effendina, I have spoken!"

"What he saith is true!" muttered Abbas. "The Mollahs at Suez have told me that tale! Sheltan protects his own! This old man is stubborn, I see, and I cannot frighten his secret out of him, so must try coaxing! for I must have it. Slave!" he said aloud to the grim Nubian, who stood like an ebony statue. "Retire!" and making another prostration, the executioner retired as noiselessly as he had entered.

"Now," said Abbas, turning toward the Hebrew, "that I have humored thy whim, I presume those stubborn lips of thine will unclose, to sing something other than the glories of the race of which thou art so proud! But stay!" he added. "Thou art old and feeble, and to prove how much of my favor thou hast earned by thy plain speaking, thou shalt sit down in my presence—a privilege, as thou knowest, accorded to few of my subjects; and he pointed to a pile of cushions on the floor, where the old man might seat himself.

The Hebrew accepted the proffered courtesy, for the strength of temporary excitement had been succeeded by exhaustion. At the same time he appreciated the full extent of the condescension, which he rightly judged was intended to conciliate him, and unseal his lips.

"Now," said Abbas, "as thou art a wise man, and not to be deceived, I will tell thee, O Moussa, how this matter stands, and what I seek of thee! and thou mayst benefit thy friends likewise if thou art frank with me!"

"My Grand Meglis hath found a judgment against the estate of the Khasnadar for many thousand purses: but Zoulikar Pasha, who hath the estate in charge, reports that, save the landed property, which is of no great value, he can find no traces of the reputed wealth which all men spoke of. Therefore Justice cannot be satisfied: nor can we discover whether the children of Askaros, who might tell us, have fled."

"Now, in this strait, as men say thou wast the trusted friend and business agent of the Khasnadar, who visited thee the very day he died, I seek to know where all that wealth is lodged, promising a rich reward, which thou mayst name, for thy revelations!"

He ceased, fixing an anxious eye on the old man's face, which was as immovable and impenetrable as that of a stone statue.

"And if I tell thee all I know, O Effendina!—will your Highness permit me to add a word of counsel afterward?"

"Certainly! so thou wilt but tell me where those treasures really are!" he added, eagerly; his dull eye lighting up with avaricious hope.

"Effendina, I will. But they are neither within my reach nor thine!"

The countenance of Abbas fell, and he cast a sinister and malign look, from under his brows, on the placid face of the old man, who observed it, and added, hastily:

"But I can suggest a way, I think, in which some of it may be secured!"

"In the name of the Prophet! man! then talk out plainly, and read me no more riddles! for I am growing weary of them! What hast thou to suggest?"

"This, Highness! The younger Askaros is now in Europe; at Venice when last heard from. He is the sole heir; the girl El Warda being only an adopted daughter of the Khasnadar, and not entitled to inherit. She therefore is useless in this affair. The Consul-General, who, as protector of Askaros, claims now to protect

what are his estates, is a stumbling-block in the way also. Is it not so, Effendina?"

Abbas assented by an impatient nod of his head, and a lowering brow, as though the mention of that name irritated him.

"The Elchee—whom may Sheltan seize—hath had the insolence to set up some such pretext," he said; "thou art well informed as to what passes in the secret sessions of my Grand Meglis!"

The old man did not notice the sneer, but resumed:

"Well, then, Highness, why not offer the Consul-General to mediate between thy Government and Askaros, by proposing that he shall be reinstated in thy good graces, and enjoy his inheritance, on payment of an indemnity agreed upon, in liquidation of the Government claim against his father's estate? For I assure your Highness, the money invested abroad—a very large sum—is entirely under the control of the young man now: and to seize upon his lands would lead to a quarrel with the Consul-General."

Abbas reflected a few moments, then replied:

"I believe thou speakest truly, O Moussa! and the wisdom of thy counsel is worthy of thy great ancestor, after whom thou hast been fitly named. I will take warning of *Thotmes*, and not only allow thee to depart in peace, but adopt thy counsel also, and take thee and thine under my special protection henceforth."

"Go thou to the Consul-General, and suggest this thing to him, as though I knew not of it; for it is not fitting the proposal should come from me. I rely on thy discretion to protect my dignity therein; and thou must not even hint to him that the thing will not be new to me. *Bakaloum!* Thou mayst now depart; and I thank thee that thou hast reminded me that the Prophet hath ordered the toleration of all faiths, though there be no salvation except through Islam!"

"*Salaam Aleikoum*, old patriarch! Peace be with thee!"

The old man rose up, made his reverence, and retired with a lighter heart than he had entered, feeling like one who has safely emerged from the den of a tiger.

As he passed through the courtyard he encountered Daoud-ben-Youssef, who was just entering the palace gates. The recognition was mutual, as also the surprise.

"What seeks the fox in the cave of the tiger?" thought Moussa.

"What can have brought that old dotard here?" thought Daoud.

But each only greeted the other courteously, exchanging no words, and passed on his way.

The Hebrew mounted his white donkey at the gate, and ambled slowly home—a smile on his aged face—thinking of the good tidings he had to tell El Warda, still his secret guest.

#### THE GREAT FIRE AT HUNTER'S POINT, LONG ISLAND.

ONE of the greatest and most disastrous conflagrations ever witnessed in the vicinity of New York city, occurred at Hunter's Point, L. I., at an early hour of the morning of Tuesday, May 24th.

The fire was first discovered in the premises of the Devos Manufacturing Company, refiners of petroleum and naphtha, by the watchman of the oil factory, on the opposite side of Newtown Creek. At first the light, appearing in two places, resembled the glimmer of lanterns, but in a few seconds it burst forth with a volume of fire and smoke. An alarm was promptly sounded, and a large number of steam fire-engines and hose companies were soon at the scene, and in full operation. The Metropolitan, the harbor police boat and the Minnehawcock steamed down the river, and directed several powerful streams of water on the burning mass. Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining the necessary supply of water, as that part of the island was furnished with water only by pumps and wells. Long lines of hose were stretched over Newtown Creek bridge, but the supply was still inadequate. The storage sheds of the Devos Company and the refinery of Day & Co., in a short time were entirely consumed, but the flames continued to spread with the utmost fury, being fed by the immense quantity of petroleum and naphtha on the grounds. Over a dozen lighters or barges loaded with oil in cases and barrels, and lying at the wharves, besides the Norwegian bark *Advance*, having on board 1,750 cases and 600 barrels of oil, were totally destroyed. Terrible explosions took place from time to time, starting the neighborhood and making the firemen cautious in approaching the place.

At about nine o'clock on Wednesday morning the brig *Advance*, which had been burning all night, capsize, precipitating hundreds of gallons of burning oil into Newtown Creek. The flames spread rapidly over the surface of the water, and another alarm of fire was immediately sounded, bringing all the engines of the Eastern District back to the scene of the disaster. The tide was flowing strongly into the creek from the East river at the time, and the seething mass of burning oil spread rapidly up the creek, and in the direction of the new Hunter's Point bridge. The scene at this point was terribly grand. The entire creek from shore to shore, and from the point of its influx into the East river nearly up to the bridge, was one living, lurid sheet of flame, which would at intervals shoot up to an amazing height, the whole covered with dense masses of black smoke. Lines were formed for passing bricks from the yard of J. C. Provost to the firemen on the docks. The men worked with a will, and in an incredibly short time upward of two thousand bricks had been hurled into the stream. The violent agitation of the water thus caused had the effect of checking the progress of the flames, and with the very material aid rendered by the tugboat *Fuller*, the conflagration was soon entirely staid.

An investigation into the origin of the fire is being actively prosecuted by Fire Marshal Keady, of the Metropolitan Department, which, from the testimony already deduced, promises some startling disclosures. The loss is estimated at nearly \$1,000,000.

CHINESE seals, of white porcelain, continue to be found in Ireland. They are exactly similar in design to those still in use in China, in the province of Foo-chow. The inscriptions on them, also, are for the most part proverbs still current in China.





THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION AT HUNTER'S POINT, LONG ISLAND—DESTRUCTION OF OIL-WORKS AND SHIPPING, MAY 25TH.—SEE PAGE 203.

## TONGUES FROM TOMBS;

OR,

## The Stories that Graves Tell.

## No. 3.—AGRICULTURAL LABORERS AND THE PRINCES OF CHIMU.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

In Number Two of this series of articles I gave an account of "A Plain Man's Tomb in Peru," as explored by myself. Let us see now how the poor men of Peru, and how the rich men fared, when it came to be their turn to enter the common receptacle of all mankind, the grave.

Regarding the "lower classes," as we are accustomed to designate those portions of man-

Few and rude, indeed, are the relics found with their shriveled remains. A calabash or gourd, perhaps a carved wooden cup, containing amulets or charms, queer stones to the natural peculiarities of which the superstitious, ignorant mind rendered reverence, or to which, when slightly altered by art, some resemblance could be given to objects animal or vegetable, an implement of toil, and perhaps a rude

wooden idol—these were the objects most frequently found with the plebeian dead on the coast of Peru—dead buried in such shallow graves that the winds often exposed them, and the earthquakes thrust them up to the day.

To utilize their arable lands, the ancient inhabitants of Peru were accustomed to pile up the stones that encumbered the ground in great heaps, and in these, and equally to avoid en-

croaching upon the areas of cultivation, they often deposited their humble dead. Thousands of such stone heaps dot the plains around Lima, and the valleys of the Rimac and Chillón. It was in one of these that I came upon the dried-up body of one of the ancient tillers of the soil, to whom was denied the comparatively sumptuous resting-place of the fisherman of Pachacamac. He sat alone among the stones, wrapped in rustic cloths, with some pods of beans and ears of maize pressed between his breast and knees, altogether testifying that the distinctions of life, real or adventitious, extend to the very grave.

But at his feet, enveloped in coarse cotton cloth, were two special objects of interest, and both obviously connected with his superstitions—shall I say religion? The first was a kind of idol or mask (*cut No. 1*), cut out of wood, of which I give a view, the whole bearing suggestive re-

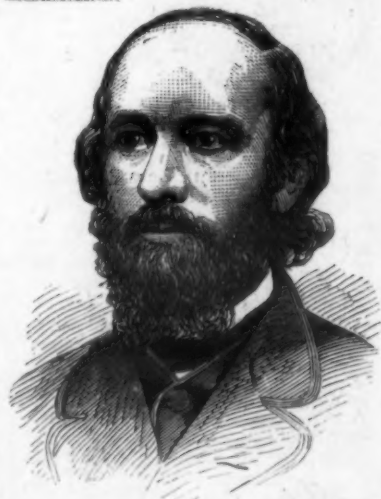


THE FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TRENTON, N. J., REV. RICHARD H. RICHARDSON, D. D., PASTOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MACKINTOSH.—SEE PAGE 206.

kind which seem destined, under every civil, political, and social organization, to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and in fact, if not in name, to be the slaves of their fellows—why, in Peru, as everywhere else, they met in death a treatment corresponding with that so sternly meted out to them in life. They were thrust into holes in the nitrous sands of the coast, or into crevices of the rocks among the mountains, unless indeed tumbled indiscriminately into caverns and fissures, with such scant paraphernalia for their peregrinations in a future world as their own limited means, or those of their humble friends, could supply.



HON. EDWARDS FIERREPONT, U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. E. BRADY.—SEE PAGE 195.



REV. RICHARD H. RICHARDSON, D. D., PASTOR, FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TRENTON, N. J.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MACKINTOSH.—SEE PAGE 206.

semblance to the carved idols brought from distant Pacific islands. It is painted red on the face, and has on top and at both sides holes through which thin cords, still remaining in place, were passed, as if to attach it in front of some object, as coroners would say, "unknown." A projection beneath the chin, as if designed to fit into a socket, suggests the possibility that, on occasion, it was carried surmounting a pole or staff of the bamboo. It is seven and a half inches vertically, exclusive of the lower projection, by seven inches broad, and is boldly and freely cut, as if by some sharp chisel or



## TONGUES FROM TOMBS: THE AGRICULTURAL LABORERS AND THE PRINCES OF CHIMU.

smaller instrument. There were no remains to indicate it, but I formed an opinion at the outset that the eye-sockets had been filled by oval pieces of some nacreous shell, corresponding with what we so often see in the works of the Polynesian Islands, and of the people of the African coast.

Beneath the alleged Monotheism or qualified Polytheism of Peru, and behind the loftier religions taught by the governing classes both of the Coast and the Sierra, there seems to have existed a kind of worship not far removed from what we loosely designate as fetishism, bearing, however, in all probability, no more inconsistent relation to the first than the devotion rendered by the Greeks and



NO. 1—CARVED WOODEN IDOL FROM PACHACAMAC.

Romans to their Lares and Penates, and the gods of the garden and the highway, to the superior personages or powers of their Pantheon. Thus quaint rocks and distorted trees were venerated, and, as already said, superstitious respect attached to any object, such as an ear of maize strangely variegated, or a pebble having resemblance to some object possessing life. All were invested with significance, and regarded with reverence. Sometimes natural resemblances were made more distinct by art; a line was drawn to more clearly indicate the mouth, or a dot added to duplicate a spot that bore some resemblance to an eye on some smooth stone casually having a rude likeness to a llama or other animal.

Thus, in addition to the mask above described, I found with the remains of the poor occupant of the rough stone mound of Lima-



NO. 2—WOODEN BOWL FROM TOMB NEAR LIMA.

tambo, a kind of wooden bowl (Cut No. 2), four inches and a half in diameter, and nearly four inches high, very nicely carved, with a border of conventional representations of some kind of bird running around its rim. I am unable to say of what kind of wood it is made, but its outer surface is smooth, as if polished, while its interior shows the marks of sharp and efficient tools. This bowl was packed full of layers of variously-colored soft alpaca and vicuña wool, in perfect preservation. Between each layer were deposited various oddly-shaped pebbles, having some faint likeness to animals, a little strengthened by art. One, whether natural or artificial I cannot say, resembled a bear. There were also some fragments of quartz crystal, but the most interesting was a



NO. 3—PERUVIAN SARAMAMA.

very good carving in a variegated tale of an ear of maize, three inches long, and of just proportions. Now, all these articles were what are called, according to the Padre Arriaga in his rare book on the "Extirpation of Idolatry in Peru," *canopas*, the household deities, or *lares* of the ancient inhabitants. We are told that "the most esteemed of these were the bezoar stone (*quicu*) and small quartz crystals (*quispi*). The carvings in stone, in imitation of ears of maize, are specially mentioned under the name of *saramama*." (Cut No. 3).

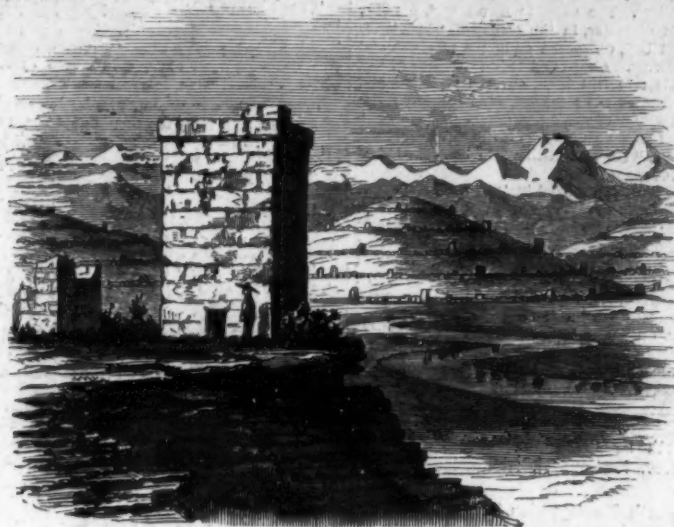
From the relics here described, we may conclude that their possessor was in life a plain agricultural laborer, of scant possessions, although the implements of his toil were not deposited with him. These may have been too valuable to his children to be sacrificed to filial affection, or perhaps they belonged to his employer, who cared little under what difficulties



NO. 7—ANCIENT IMPLEMENT OF BRONZE.

his defunct servant might be called on to till the sacred lands of another world. We are not ignorant, however, of what these agricultural implements were, for many have been recovered from the ancient tombs and ruins. They are all of copper alloyed with tin in various proportions, forming a compound metal called *chumpi*, and the larger portion of them resemble in shape, as they certainly coincide with in use, the so-called *celts* of the ancient northern nations of Europe. They may

be described as a kind of chisel, of varying size and weight, rather broader at the edge than above, with a socket into which to fit a handle, the socket having a slit in one side, so that the handle would be tightened in its



NO. 9—AYMARA CHULPA, OR BURIAL TOWER, AND HILL FORT, BOLIVIA.

place when the instrument was used. We notice the same device in some of our agricultural implements to-day. Precisely similar tools (Cut No. 4) are still used by the laborers of Nicaragua, only iron is substituted for bronze. They are used in prying up and mellowing the earth, as we do with a spade.

But the Peruvian agriculturist had other implements coming nearer our spade in shape, of two of which (Cuts Nos. 5 and 6), one engraved with figures, representations are given herewith. The plain original is eleven inches long including the socket, which measures nearly five inches, and is four inches broad, forming a very efficient implement in experienced hands. That with ornamental engravings is fourteen inches long by four and a half broad. It weighs about three pounds. Another agricultural implement, with a curved blade not unlike some tools now in use, is also engraved (Cut No. 7). It measures ten inches in total length, and shows that the ancient inhabitants of Peru knew perfectly how to adapt the forms of their implements to the objects they had in view. Cut No. 8 represents an ancient Peruvian mason's trowel.

It was not, however, in the manner I have described that the royal and distinguished dead of ancient Peru were buried, nor do their tombs tell the same monotonous story of toil, frugality, simplicity, narrow ambition and contented life. The Sons of the Sun, as they proudly styled themselves, were fain to sit after death

the feather of the *curacanqui*—the insignia of power—that a place in the temple was permitted. The *ayllas*, or inferior members of the reigning family and race, were buried in elaborate tombs in the beautiful valley of Yucay, where, beneath the shadow of lofty snowy mountains, and under the threatening eaves of mighty glaciers, Nature reveals in eternal spring; where the songs of birds are never still, and where flowers succeed to flowers in constant bloom, and fruits follow in unwearying succession. From one of these tombs came the positive evidences of the often surmised and as often denied knowledge of surgery among the Incas, for here was found a skull showing a case of trepanning in life, a delicate operation even now, with all our instrumental aids, and evincing a scientific knowledge and skill of which no monkish chronicle nor native tradition gives record.

Among the subject races that went to make up the Inca empire, the largest and most important were the Aymaras, who occupied the high, wide region around Lake Titicaca. They buried their dead, according to their rank, in sitting posture, in cists dug in the earth, and surrounded by a small circle of unwrought stones, or in rough stone chambers above ground, corresponding precisely with the *cromlechs* of the Scandinavian and Celtic world. Their chieftains and distinguished dead, however, in the later periods of their history, were

deposited in round or square towers of stone, called *chulpas*, often of great size, and hewn with exquisite skill. These towers, entered by an opening only large enough to admit a single person crawling on his hands and knees, and closed by a carefully-fitted stone, were vaulted

inside, and divided into niches, in which the dead were placed in sitting posture, surrounded by their treasures and the insignia of their rank. Some of these towers are of comparatively rude construction, as is shown in the accompanying engraving of one standing on a ledge overlooking the valley of Escoma, on the eastern shore of Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia. It is distinguished as having two chambers, with separate entrances, one above the other, the upper one roughly vaulted. The chambers had been rifled, and when I visited the *chulpa* (Cut No. 9) nothing remained in them except some crumbling skeletons and broken pottery. From the site of this monument, on the other side of the valley (Cut No. 10), may be seen one of the ancient *pucaras*, or hill forts, consisting of a series of five concentric terraces and stone walls, surrounding a conical eminence of great regularity of form.

Perhaps, however, the most imposing sepulchral monuments of all America, are those of Grand Chimú, or Mantsche, near the city of Truxillo, in Northern Peru. Here was once established the most powerful and richest of all the principalities that existed on the Peruvian coast before, one after another, they were subdued by the Incas, and incorporated in the Inca Empire.

The princes of Chimú resisted longest the invaders from the mountains, and it was not until the reign of the warlike Yupanqui that they were obliged to succumb. Provoked by their long and stubborn defense, the Inca ruthlessly destroyed their capital, the ruins of which now cover an area of not far from twenty-seven square miles—a wilderness of gigantic *huacas*, or pyramids; of palaces, dwellings, prisons, foundries, granaries, reservoirs, and tombs, impossible to indicate or explain in the compass of a single article.

Some of the *huacas*, or great pyramidal structures, were probably equally temples and tombs, in which were buried the princes of Chimú with their riches, and on which were practiced the rites of the ancient religion. Originally regular in shape, they have been so disfigured by excavations as to appear now only as great natural hills isolated in the sandy plain. They had galleries and chambers and secret vaults, and contained at one time, if indeed they do not still hide, vast treasures. I have before me a copy from the record of the royal treasury of Truxillo for the year 1577-8, from which it appears that one García Guterres, of Toledo, took, during those two years, from one of these structures, which still bears the name of the *Huaca de Toledo*, a sum, in gold and silver, amounting to a very little less than \$5,000,000. And at the end of 1578, the lucky Guterres was obliged to escape from Truxillo in a schooner, at night, on the charge of having made false returns to the Crown, the allegation being that he had failed to report some hundreds of golden bars, "del tamaño de ladrillos," the size of bricks. Treasure-seeking is still the order of the day in Truxillo and its vicinity. If I were called on to state what in my opinion was its

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NO. 4 AND 6—ANCIENT PERUVIAN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

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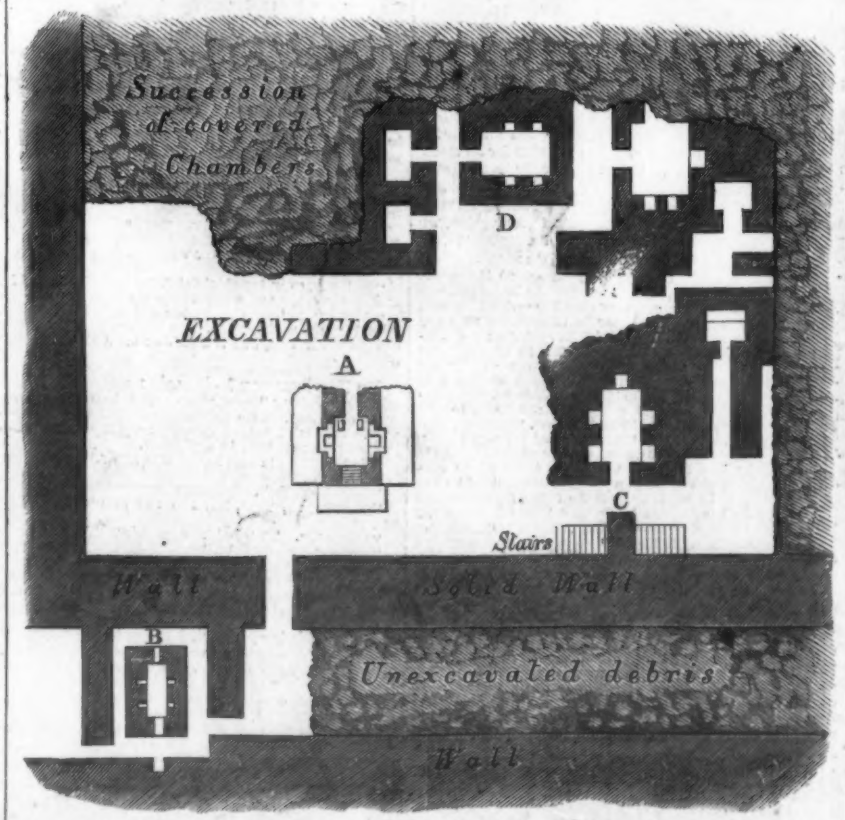
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NO. 8—ANCIENT TROWEL.

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NO. 10—SECTION OF AYMARA CHULPA.



NO. 11—EXCAVATION OF THE ROYAL CEMETERY, GRAND CHIMU.

in grim array, in the great temple of their father, the Sun, in the imperial city of Cuzco, equally the shrine of religion and the seat of empire. There the Spaniards found their desecrated bodies, in chairs of gold, and resplendent with regal emblazonry—the objects alike of

deposited in round or square towers of stone, called *chulpas*, often of great size, and hewn with exquisite skill. These towers, entered by an opening only large enough to admit a single person crawling on his hands and knees, and closed by a carefully-fitted stone, were vaulted



principal industry, I should say, "excavating *huacas*, or robbing graves." A single individual, a colonel by title, during the year of my visit, had expended more than \$40,000 in excavations. Companies are often formed for "diggings" precisely as gold and silver mining companies are got up in Wall street; and as indicating the extent of these operations, I may mention that in excavating the great *huaca* of *El Obispo*, a village, with a church, was raised near it to accommodate the numerous workmen. The amount of money expended in treasure-seeking among the ruins of Grand Chimú alone, since the Conquest, must be computed by millions of dollars, and would have built a railway over the mountains from Cajamarca to the Amazon.

Still, this fanatical spirit of avarice, akin to that mania for gambling which possesses miners, brokers, and railway directors, has not been without some good results. It has disintegrated and brought to light many remains of antiquity, edifices, and tombs, which the limited means of the archaeologist and antiquary would never have uncovered, together with their concealed architectural and artistic treasures. Had it not been for the efforts, illy and often mischievously directed, of Colonel La Rosa, how should I have known anything of the grand reception-hall of the princes of Chimú, with its walls rich in relievo-arabesques, and, in places, still brilliant with colors! Or of those subterranean chambers in which were stowed away more than ten thousand cotton mattresses, that, after a burial of centuries, were exhumed, passed through the cotton-gin, and sold to England to help supply the famine in that staple occasioned by our civil war? Or of that hidden vault in which were piled up, to the height of more than ten feet, the quaint silver vases and utensils of the thrifty and luxurious denizens of Grand Chimú?

And above all, how should I have been able to present to my readers a plan and view of a portion of the Necropolis of Chimú, as remarkable, in many respects, as that of Memphis or the Nile?

I have said the vengeful Incas completely ruined the capital of the Chimú, and what fire and the other means of destruction at their command failed to destroy, time, the elements, and the treasure-diggers have generally reduced to rude heaps of earth and rubbish as shapeless as those of Nineveh. Yet, when these are excavated, we find not only the plans of the old edifices distinctly defined, but also their lower walls nearly intact. In sinking a shaft into a broad, but rather low mass of ruins, near the heart of the old city, Colonel La Rosa came upon what he at first took to be a concealed building, a chapel or oratorio—a small but solid structure of compact rubble, well cast over with smooth clay, and painted in lively colors. Excavating carefully around it, he found that it stood in a kind of enclosure of massive walls, of similar composition with its own, but of coarser material. It was rectangular in plan, twelve feet long by six wide, with the walls slightly inclining inward, and nine feet high. At each end (Cut No. 11) was a narrow entrance, neatly walled up with adobe; and on each side, near the top, were three small windows. The excitement of the discoverers was intense; here they felt sure was the *peze grande*—big fish—as the traditional butas yet undiscovered grandest treasure of the Chimú princes is called. The colonel sent to town for a force to protect his anticipated wealth from the workmen who were eager to break down the adobe barrier between them and the countless millions the vault was supposed to contain. But alas, for their golden visions! (Cut No. 12) Alack, for the colonel's hopes! When entered, the vault was found to be a tomb, with niches, each containing the dried bodies of as many of the princes or princesses, chieftains or chieftainesses, courts or courtesans of the Court of Chimú!

An account of what was found with these ghastly denizens of the grave, with some account of the sepulchral remains of New Granada, will form another article of this series.

#### FLOWERS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Few persons are aware of the extent of the flower business in and about New York city; and indeed it is difficult to estimate, either the number of shoots, buds, and full-blown flowers used daily, or the amount paid and received for them. Of the strictly first-class florists in the city, there are upward of twenty, each having a liberal patronage, and employing from ten to fifty persons.

At this season of the year, the business is exceedingly brisk, and considerable difficulty is experienced in obtaining the necessary quantity of the choice species of Roses, Camellias, Orange-blossoms, and Carnations. To have a ball, an evening party, a wedding or a funeral, without a bountiful display of attractive flowers, is to ignore the usages of fashionable life, and not unfrequently one of the heaviest items of expenditure will be for the charming gems that now render nature so beautiful.

Flowers are arranged according to the occasion for which they are required, and a very keen perception of the effects of contrast is indispensable to the successful florist. Fashion changes as much with flowers as with articles of attire, and the smooth, symmetrical style of bouquets so long in demand are, this season at least, decidedly out of favor. The orders for bouquets and baskets made up loosely, are greater now than at any former time. The advantages claimed are, that the flowers preserve their freshness longer, do not break apart so quickly, and present a more attractive appearance. At several recent weddings, where the strictest rules of fashion were observed, the bouquets were made of long-stemmed white Roses, or white and Tea Roses mixed. Others, made perfectly round, were composed of the choicest Roses, Tuberoses, Cape Jasmines, white Carnations, Orange-blossoms, and white Orchids. The most prominent style of bridal bouquet is that made high in the middle (about half-round), composed of white Roses, Carnations, Cape Jasmines, Lilies-of-the-Valley, Candytuft, Sweet Aloysius, and Orange-blossoms, edged with silk fringe about five inches deep. Bouquets of this style, when properly made, may be preserved a very long time after using, by being covered with a glass shade.

Floral designs are very numerous, embracing stars, anchors, harps, initials, hearts, lyres, crowns, monograms, etc. A very beautiful arrangement is that of large birds' nests, spanned with arches of flowers, and having a small looking-glass beneath. The frames for these designs are made of wire, very strong, and may be used for many years.

One of the handsomest and most expensive baskets we have seen this season, made by J. D. Clarke & Co., of this city, was recently presented to a Fifth avenue belle at a *sotée*. The basket was a round, flat one, three feet in diameter, in the centre of which there was a raised ball, composed of bands of red, white and blue flowers. Above and overspreading the ball was a temple two feet high, covered with red and white blossoms of the most odorous nature, and festooned with sprays of white and green.

Among the neatest designs for funeral flowers are upright harps, lyres and anchors, to be backed with moss and mountain pine.

There are more flowers cultivated in the vicinity of New York now than ever, and very few are wasted. The flower girls and boys who expose their dainty bouquets along the streets obtain their flowers from the public fields in New Jersey and some parts of Westchester county, N. Y., and also from florists. In the first case very few rare or expensive flowers are gathered, and in the latter they work up the stock that cannot otherwise be sold. Although a majority of the flowers used in this city are obtained from the suburbs, a large quantity of Roses, Carnations and Camellias come from Boston and Philadelphia.

#### The Fourth Presbyterian Church, Trenton, N. J., Rev. Richard H. Richardson, D. D., Pastor.

The Fourth Presbyterian Church is an imposing modern brown-stone edifice, which has attracted a great deal of attention from its prominent and beautiful site, and the symmetry and tastefulness of the building itself. It is in the eastern portion of State street, on the corner of Clinton street, which locality has some of the best improvements in dwellings and public buildings of any part of the city. There are many fine old trees and flower gardens, presenting rural features of much attractiveness. The corner-stone of this church was laid in October, 1859, and it was dedicated in the following year. The church cost about twenty-two thousand dollars, and the land, parsonage, organ, etc., brought up the whole outlay to between thirty-six or thirty-seven thousand dollars. The building is 48 feet wide by 100 feet in length, and the spire is 216 feet high. A lecture-room in the rear is 30 by 65 feet, and a Sunday-school room on the second floor has the same dimensions. The audience portion of the church seats six hundred people, and the lecture-room about two hundred. The pews are walnut, with red upholstery.

This congregation was organized in 1858, with fifty members. There are now two hundred members, and two hundred and fifty children in the Sunday-school. The pastor at this time is the Rev. Dr. Richard H. Richardson. He was born in Lexington, Kentucky, and is over forty years of age. He graduated at Princeton College in 1844, and at the Theological Seminary in the same place in 1848. He was installed in Chicago over the North Presbyterian Church, where he remained a few years. After this he was settled in Putnam county, New York, for four or five years, and then went to Newburyport, Massachusetts, where he was in charge of a congregation about five years. On the 1st of November, 1888, he commenced his duties as the pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Trenton. He received his degree of D. D. from Princeton College in 1865. He is a man of learning and eloquence. He has a force of character and mind which makes his efforts very successful in all his pastoral relations. He is earnest in his work, consistent in his life, and has talents and experience to serve him on all occasions.

The question of the interior composition of the earth is one which just now, especially in view of volcanic phenomena, attracts much attention. Some philosophers maintain it as a molten mass, having outlets (volcanic) to the surface; others, that the earth commenced cooling first from the interior, and that volcanic phenomena are the results of a kind of fermentation of the deposited rocks under constantly changing pressures. However this may be, we know that the interior of the earth, be it fluid or solid, must be twice as the surface in density. The mean density of the earth's mass is about 5.2 times that of water, whilst the average of such parts of its exterior, as we are acquainted with, is reckoned at only about 2.1-2; it follows, therefore, that the central parts must be infinitely more heavy, in order to account for its mean total density of 5.1-2. It has been calculated that if the earth was composed of 3 concentric portions of equal thickness and of densities respectively increasing toward the centre in arithmetical progression, we should have—an outer crust, as before stated, of specific gravity 2.1-2; an intermediate zone of about 12; and a central nucleus of about 20 times the density of water; whilst if we were to imagine more than 3 zones, it would follow that the central nucleus would be found still denser in proportion as more zones are conceived. The old idea that such great increase in density can be due merely to the effects of superincumbent pressure is not borne out by the results of experiment, and further appears manifestly inadequate, when we also take into account the counteracting effects of the expansion produced by the earth's internal heat; it would follow, therefore, that the substances forming the interior of the earth must in themselves be of a much denser nature than the generality of the bodies which we meet at its surface. Of all the elementary bodies recognized by the chemists, it is only some few of the heavy metals which at all approach in density that of either the nucleus or intermediate zone, as already calculated, and consequently it requires not only the assumption that bodies do become very considerably denser when subjected to pressure, but that there must also be a great accumulation of the heavy metals and their compounds in the interior of the earth, in order to account for the high mean specific gravity (5.1-2) of the total mass of the globe.

The German astronomer Maedler has measured the height of 1,093 mountains in the moon. Twenty-two of these are higher than Mont Blanc, which is within a few feet of being three miles high; six are above 19,000 feet. The highest observed mountain in the moon is 24,944 feet high.

ALL the sovereigns of Europe have now contributed money to the monument to be erected in honor of the Emperor Maximilian. The Sultan sent one thousand florins, and the King of Italy two thousand. The Republic of Mexico contributed the corpse for the monument to stand over.

MOUNT WASHINGTON, in New Hampshire, has an elevation of 6,285 feet. But there are not less than twenty-five mountains in Western North Carolina that are higher. The colossus is Mount Mitchell, 6,707 feet high; the lowest east of the Rocky Mountains.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

An Irish paper reporting the loss of a steamer, says, "The captain swam ashore; so did the stewardess. She was insured for five thousand pounds sterling, and was loaded with pigs."

"I see him on his winding way," said Mrs. Jenkins, as she saw Mr. Jenkins cork-screwing his way home just as the shades of twilight were creeping over the landscape.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.—Artist (as a hint to his friend)—"Bless me! Five o'clock! I had no idea it was so late. How quickly time does fly now!" Yankee—"Which I calculate it's all owing to the vast improvements effected in clocks by our great country."

"What do you mean, you little rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth that had seized him by the nose upon the street. "Oh, nothing; only I am going out to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure to seize hold of the first thing that turned up."

A SCOTCHMAN having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him, that he might help himself. The master said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast." "In troth, master," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

THE men who will never die are the man who voted for Washington, the man who first nominated Grant, the oldest Freemason, the last soldier of the Revolution, Jefferson's body servant, the oldest American actor, and the man who originated the idea of the Pacific Railway.

A LITTLE boy and girl had been cautioned never to take the nest-egg when gathering the eggs; but one evening the little girl reached the nest first, seized an egg and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying: "Mother! mother! Susy she's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"

TOURIST No. 1 (who speaks German)—"Was haben sie?"

Tourist No. 2 (who doesn't speak German, and knows that this question has generally resulted in a dish of veal)—"For goodness sake, Jack, don't have any more of that confounded stuff. Try if they haven't got something else."

A NEW HAMPSHIRE farmer, who had an invariably good-natured wife, longed to hear her scold for a change, and was advised that a load of crotchety firewood would make her very desirably cross. He tried it. When the pile was gone, he asked if he should get such another supply. "Oh! yes," said she, "for that crooked wood you brought before does lie around the pot so nicely."

A DAREDEVIL in Natchez was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of ten pounds of sugar he had bought at a rival store.

"Let me weigh the package," said the grocer. The daredevil assented, and it was found two pounds short. The colored gentleman looked perplexed for a moment, and then said: "Guess he didn't cheat dis child much; for while he was gettin' de sugar, I stole two pair of shoes."

I ENGAGED, says a lawyer, a chaise at Galway city to conduct me some few miles into the country, and had not proceeded far when it pulled up at the foot of a hill, and the Irish driver, coming to the door, opened it. "What are you at, man? This isn't where I ordered you to stop." "Whisht, your honor, whisht!" said Paddy, in an undertone; "I am only desaving the beast. I'll just bang the door; he'll think yer out, and then he'll cut up the hill like the very d—!—see if he don't."

A FATHER had two sons, one of whom, named Thomas, was an early riser, and the other was an incorrigible sluggard. One morning the father entered the bedroom of his slothful son, and holding up a money-purse said:

"See what your brother has found by rising early?" The half-opened eyes of the sluggard surveyed the purse, as he lazily drawled:

"But the fellow that lost it must have risen earlier than Tom!"

At St. Louis, not long ago, a couple of rural individuals were walking along the levee. Some of the sewer-mouths were exposed, and a few of the smaller ones were broken down, so that they looked like natural springs. One of the countrymen, who was walking in front of the other, suddenly called out:

"Look here, Jim, here's another spring." "Well, gaud darn it," replied Jim, "if the water is no better in this one than in the last one, I don't want to drink from it."

HOW TO GAIN UNANIMITY IN JURIES.—Let the jury consist exclusively of ladies. As it is proverbial that women never do disagree, there would not be the slightest difficulty in securing always an unanimous verdict. The whole twelve would vote as one woman, more especially if one of their own sex was being tried. Besides, the mere prospective horror of a dozen women being all locked up together, without a cup of tea, or a stocking to mend, or a baby to play with, or a novel to thumb, would force them to agree, long before they had looked at the prisoner, even, to see whether he was good-looking or not.

Not long since, an elderly lady entered a railroad carriage at one of the Ohio stations, and disturbed the passengers a good deal with complaints about a "most dreadful rheumatism" that she was troubled with. A gentleman present, who had himself been a severe sufferer with the same complaint, said to her:

"Did you ever try electricity, madame? I tried it, and in the course of a short time it cured me." "Electricity?" exclaimed the old lady; "yes, I've tried it to my satisfaction. I was struck by lightning about a year ago, but it didn't do me a single mossil o' good."

DO YOU INDULGE?—Imagine a case like this, did the asking business extend beyond the confines of liquor. Two gentlemen walking up Broadway, one is attracted by a fine display of bottles—no, boots, shoes, etc., in a window.

"Bob, let's go in and have some boots." "In they go."

"Take hold, Bob. What's your fancy?" "Thank you, Tom, but I'm not taking boots just now."

"Oh, get in. Take hold. One pair won't hurt you." "No, excuse me, Tom."

"Take something, Bob. Take home a pair of boots for your wife. Don't see me do this thing alone." Bob comes down and takes a pair of boots. It's no use. Who could withstand Tom's appeal?

In Hopkinton, Mass., lived a certain Deacon Small. In his advanced age he had the misfortune to lose the rib of his youth. After doing penance by wearing a weed in his hat a full year, he was recommended to a certain Widow Hooper, living in an adjoining town. The deacon was soon astride of his brown mare with sorrel mane, and on arriving at the widow's door, he discovered her in the act of turning the suds from her wash-tub. Said the deacon:

"Is this Widow Hooper?" "Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well," continued the deacon, "I am that little bit of an old dried up Deacon Small, and have only one question to propose to you."

"Please propose, sir." "Well, madame," said the deacon, "have you any objection to going to heaven by way of Hopkinton?" "None at all, deacon," was the reply. "Come in deacon." "Suffice to say they were married the next week."

COLGATE & Co.'s TOILET SOAPS.—The article produced by this Company, we know to be of the very best quality. It is a pleasant and effectual purifier of the flesh.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—For fifteen years I have been using a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine with the greatest satisfaction. I have never had any difficulty with it, and have used it on all kinds of work. Excepting a few cents for a thread spring, it has cost nothing for repairs during all that time.—*Mrs. E. L. Wainwright, Eatonville, N. J.*

ASSIST DIGESTION.—The "Standard Wine Bitters," which acts upon the Liver and Kidneys, being sudorific, diuretic and mildly stimulating, cannot fail of being beneficial to those who are laboring under physical derangements. The base of his Bitters is his far-famed and pure Wine, with Peruvian Bark, Wild Cherry Bark, Chamomile Flowers, Snake Root, and such other herbs and roots as will assist digestion. Sold by Druggists.

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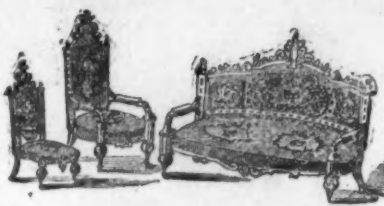
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